

THE ^{new}
FUNERAL:

O R,
Grief A-la-mode.

A
C O M E D Y.

Written by Sir RICHARD STEELE.

*Ut Qui conducti plorant in Funere, dicunt
Et faciunt prope plura dolentibus ex animo, sic
Derisor Vero plus Laudatore movetur.* HOR.



D U B L I N :

Printed by S. POWELL, for GEORGE RISK, at
Shakespear's-head in Dame's-street, near the Horse-
guard, M DCC XLIII.

1743

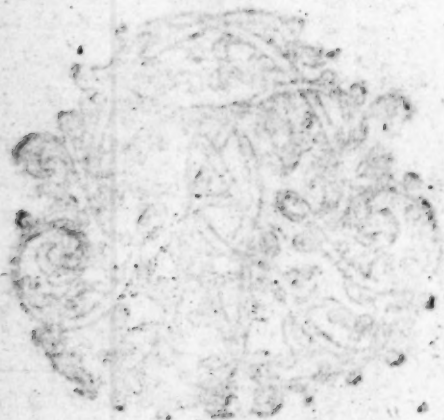


Gift A. J. mode.

COMEDY.

Written by Sir Richard Steele.

The first edition of this play, in two volumes, was printed in London, 1709. It is now reprinted from the original, with some corrections.



DUBLIN.

Printed by J. G. Townsend, in the Strand, near the Theatre Royal, in the year 1709. Price 1s. 6d.



P R E F A C E.

THE Rehearsal of this Comedy was honour'd with the Presence of the Duke of Devonshire, who is as distinguished by his Fine Understanding as High Quality; The Innocence of it mov'd him to the Humanity of expressing himself in its Favour. 'Tis his manner to be pleas'd where he is not offended; a Condescension which delicate Spirits are oblig'd to for their own Ease, for they would have but a very ill time of it, if they suffer'd themselves to be diverted with nothing but what could bear their Judgment.

That Elegant and Illustrious Person, will, I hope, pardon my Gratitude to the Town, which obliges me to report so substantial a Reason for their Approbation of this Play, as that he permitted it: but I know not in what Words to thank my Fellow-soldiers for their Warmth and Zeal in my Behalf, nor to what to attribute their undeserved Favour, except it be that 'tis habitual to 'em to run to the Succour of those they see in Danger.

The Subject of the Drama 'tis hoped will be acceptable to all Lovers of Mankind, since Ridicule is partly level'd at a set of People who live in impatient Hopes to see us out of the World, a Flock of Ravens that attend this numerous City for their Carcasses; but indeed it is not in the Power of any Pen to speak 'em better than they do themselves: As for Example, on a Door I just now past by, a great Artist thus informs us of his Cures upon the Dead;

W. W. Known and approved for his Art of Embalming, having preserved the Corps of a Gentlewoman sweet and entire thirteen Years, without Embowelling, and has reduced the Bodies of several Persons of Quality to

P R E F A C E.

Sweetness in *Flanders* and *Ireland*, after Nine Month's Putrefaction in the Ground, and they were known by their Friends in *England*. No Man performeth the like.

He must needs be strangely in love with this Life, who is not touch'd with this kind Invitation to be Pickled; and the noble Operator must be allow'd a very useful Person for bringing old Friends together; nor would it be unworthy his Labour to give us an Account at large of the sweet Conversation that arose upon meeting such an entire Friend as he mentions.

But to be serious; Is there any thing, but its being downright Fact, could make a rational Creature believe 'twere possible to arrive at this fantastick posthumous Folly; Not at the same Time but that 'twere Buffoonery rather than Satyr to explode all Funeral Honours; but then it is certainly necessary to make 'em such that the Mourners should be in earnest, and the lamented worthy of our Sorrow: But this Purpose is so far from being serv'd, that it is utterly destroy'd by the manner of Proceeding among us, where the Obsequies which are due only to the best and highest of human Race (to admonish their short Survivors that neither Wit, nor Valour, nor Wisdom, nor Glory can suspend our Fate) are prostituted, and bestow'd upon such as have nothing in Common with Men, but their Mortality.

But the dead Man is not to pass off so easily, for his last Thoughts are also to suffer Dissection, and it seems there is an Art to be learned to speak our own Sense in other Men's Words, and a Man in a Gown that never saw his Face shall tell you immediately the Design of the deceas'd, better than all his old Acquaintance; which is so perfect an Hocus Pocus, that without you can repeat such and such Words, you cannot convey what is in your Hands into another's; but far be it from any man's Thought to say there are not Men of strict Integrity of the Long Robe, tho' it is not every Body's good Fortune to meet with 'em.

However the daily legal Villanies we see committed, will also be esteem'd things proper to be prosecuted by Satyr, nor could our ensuing Legislative do their Country a
more

P R E F A C E.

more seasonable Office than to look into the Distresses of an unhappy People, who groan perhaps in as much Misery under intangled, as they could do under broken Laws; nor could there be a Reward high enough assign'd for a great Genius, if such may be found, who has Capacity sufficient to glance through the false Colours that are put upon us, and propose to the English World, a Method of making Justice flow in an uninterrupted Stream; there is so clear a Mind in being, whom we will name in Words that of all Men breathing can be only said of him; 'Tis he that is excellent

Seu linguam causis acuit, seu Civica Jura
Responsare parat, seu condit amabile carmen.

Other Enemies that may arise against this poor Play are indeed less terrible, but much more powerful than these, and they are the Ladies; but if there is any thing that argues a sower'd Man, who lashes all for Lady Brumpton: We may hope there will be seen also a Devoted Heart, that esteems all for Lady Sharlot.





PROLOGUE,



Spoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

Nature's Deserted, and Dramatick Art
 To Dazzle now the Eye, has left the Heart ;
 Gay Lights, and Dresses, long extended Scenes,
 Dæmons and Angels moving in Machines,
 All that can now, or please, or fright the fair,
 May be perform'd without a Writer's Care,
 And is the Skill of Carpenter, not Player :
 Old Shakespear's Days could not thus far Advance ;
 But what's his Buskin to our Ladder Dance ?
 In the mid Region a filk Youth to stand,
 With that unweildy Engine at Command,
 Gorg'd with intemp'rate Meals while here you sit,
 Well may you take Activity for Wit :
 Fie, let Confusion on such Dulness seize ;
 Blush you're so pleas'd, as we that so we please.
 But we, still kind to your inverted Sense,
 Do most unnatural Things once more dispence.
 For since you're still prepost'rous in Delight,
 Our Author made, a full House to invite,
 A Funeral & Comedy To-night.

Nor

PROLOGUE.

*Nor does he fear that you will take the Hint;
And let the Funeral his own be meant;
No, in Old England nothing can be won
Without a Faction. Good or Ill be done;
To own this our Frank Author does not fear,
But hopes for a prevailing Party here;
He knows he has num'rous Friends, nay knows they'll show it;
And for the Fellow-soldier save the Poet.*



Dramatis Personæ.



MEN.

LORD BRUMPTON.
Lord HARDY, Son to Lord Brumpton.
MR. CAMPLEY.
MR. TRUSTY, Steward to Lord Brumpton.
CABINET.
MR. SABLE, an Undertaker.
PUZZLE, a Lawyer.
TRIM, Servant to Lord Hardy.
TOM, the Lawyer's Clerk.

WOMEN.

LADY BRUMPTON.
LADY SHARLOT { Orphan-Sisters, left in }
LADY HARRIOT { ward to Lord Brumpton. }
Mademoiselle d'EPINGLE.
TATTLEAID.
MRS. FARDINGALE.
KATE MATCHLOCK.

Visitant-Ladies, Sable's Servants, Recruits, &c.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

THE



THE
FUNERAL:
OR,
Grief A-la-mode.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Cabinet, Sable, and Campley.

CABINET.



BURST into Laughter! I can't bear to see writ over an Undertaker's Door, Dresses for the Dead, and Necessaries for Funerals! Ha! ha! ha!

Sab. Well Gentlemen, 'tis very well, I know you are of the Laughers, the Wits that take the Liberty to deride all things that are magnificent and solemn.

Cam. Nay, but after all I can't but admire *Sable's* nice discerning on the superfluous Cares of Mankind, that could lead them to the Thought of raising an Estate by providing Horses, Equipage, and Furniture, for those that no longer need 'em.

Cab.

Cab. But is it not strangely contradictory, that Men can come to so open, so apparent an Hypocrisy, as in the Face of all the World, to hire profess'd Mourners to grieve, lament, and follow in their Stead, their nearest Relations, and suborn others to do by Art, what they themselves should be prompted to by Nature?

Sab. That's reasonably enough said; but they regard themselves only in all they act for the deceas'd, and the poor Dead are deliver'd to my Custody, to be embalm'd, flash'd, cut, and dragg'd about, not to do them Honour, but to satisfy the Vanity or Interest of their Survivors.

Cam. This Fellow's every way an Undertaker! How well and luckily he talks! His prating so aptly, has me-thinks something more ridiculous in it, than if he were absurd!

[*Aside to Cabinet.*]

Cab. But as Mr. *Campley* says, how could you dream of making a fortune from so chimerical a Foundation, as the provision of things wholly needless and insignificant?

Sab. Alas, Gentlemen, the value of all things under the Sun is meerly fantastick: We run, we strive, and purchase things with our Blood and Money, quite foreign to our intrinsick real Happiness, and which have a Being in Imagination only, as you may see by the Pudder that is made about Precedence, Titles, Court Favour, Maiden-heads, and China-ware.

Cam. Ay, Mr. *Sable*, but all those are Objects that promote our Joy, are bright to the Eye, or stamp upon our Minds Pleasure and Self-satisfaction.

Sab. You are extremely mistaken, Sir; for one would wonder to consider that after all our Out-cries against self-interested Men, there are few, very few in the whole World that live to themselves, but sacrifice their Bosom-bliss to enjoy a vain Show, and Appearance of Prosperity in the Eyes of others; and there is often nothing more inwardly distress'd than a young Bride in her glittering Retinue, or deeply joyful, than a young Widow in her Weeds and black Train; of both which, the Lady of this House may be an Instance, for she has been the one, and is, I'll be sworn, the other.

Cab.



Cab. You talk, Mr. *Sable*, most learnedly!

Sab. I have the deepest Learning, Sir, Experience: Remember your Widow Cousin that married last Month.

Cab. Ay! But how cou'd you imagin she was in all that Grief an Hypocrite?—Could all those Shrieks, those Swoonings, that rising falling Bosom be constrain'd? You're uncharitable, *Sable*, to believe it—What Colour, what Reason had you for it?

Sab. First, Sir, her Carriage in her Concerns with me; for I never yet could meet with a sorrowful Relict but was herself enough to make an hard Bargain with me—Yet must confess they have frequent Interruptions of Grief and Sorrow when they read my Bill—but as for her, nothing, she resolv'd, that look'd bright or joyous should after her Love's Death approach her. All her Servants that were not cole Black must turn out; a fair Complexion made her Eyes and Heart ake, she'd none but downright yet, and to exceed all Example she hir'd my Mourning Furniture by the Year, and in case of my Mortality ty'd my son to the same Article; so in six Weeks time ran away with a young Fellow—Prithee push on briskly, Mr. *Cabinet*, now is your time to have this Widow, for *Tattleaid* tells me she always said she'd never marry—

Cab. As you say, that's generally the most hopeful Sign.

Sab. I tell you, Sir, 'tis an infallible one; you know those professions are only to introduce Discourse of Matrimony and young Fellows.

Cab. But I swear I could not have Confidence ev'n after all our long Acquaintance, and the mutual Love, which his Lordship (who indeed has now been so kind as to leave us) has so long interrupted, to mention a thing of such Nature so unseasonably——

Sab. Unseasonably! Why I tell you 'tis the only Season granting her Sorrow unfeign'd :) When would you speak of Passion, but in the midst of Passions? there's what we call, a Crisis—the lucky Minute that's so talked of, a Moment between Joy and Grief, which you must take hold of, and push your Fortune—But get you in, and you'll best read your fate in the Reception Mrs. *Tattleaid*

aid

Cab.

The Funeral: Or,

aid gives you: All she says and all she does, nay, her very Love and Hatred are meer Repetition of her Ladyship's Passions: I'll say that for her, she's a true Lady's woman, and is her self as much a second hand thing as her Cloaths, But I must beg your pardon, Gentlemen, my people are come, I see—

[*Exeunt Cab. and Camp.*]

Enter SABLE's Men.

Where in the Name of Goodness have you all been! Have you brought the Saw-dust and Tar for Embalming? Have you the Hangings and the six-penny Nails and my Lords Coat of Arms?

Enter Servant.

Ser. Yes Sir, and had come sooner, but I went to the Herald's for a Coat for Alderman *Gathergrease* that dy'd last Night—he has promis'd to invent one against to morrow.

Sab. Ah! Pox take some of our Cits, the first Thing after their Death is to take care of their Birth—Pox, let him bear a Pair of Stockings, he's the first of his Family that ever wore one: Well, come you that are to be Mourners in this House, put on your sad Looks, and walk by me that I may sort you: Ha you! A little more upon the dismal; [*forming their Countenances—*] this Fellow has a good Mortal Look—place him near the Corps: That Waincoat Face must be o'top of the Stairs; that Fellow's almost in a Fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange Misery) at the Entrance of the Hall—So—but I'll fix you all my self—Let's have no Laughing now on any Provocation: [*makes Faces*] Look yonder that hale well-looking Puppy! You ungrateful Scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great Man's Service, and show you the Pleasure of receiving Wages? Did not I give you ten, then fifteen, now twenty shillings a Week, to be sorrowful? and the more I give you, I think the gladder you are.

Enter a Boy.

Boy. Sir, the Grave-digger of St. *Timothy's* in the Fields would speak with you.

Sab. Let him come in.

Enter

Enter Grave-digger.

Grav. I carry'd home to your House the Shroud the Gentleman was buried in last Night; I could not get him lying off very easily, therefore I brought the Finger and all; and, Sir, the Sexton gives his Service to you, and desires to know whether you'd have any Bodies remov'd or not; If not, he'll let 'em lie in their Graves a Week longer.

Sab. Give him my Service, I can't tell readily; but our Friend, tell him, Dr. *Passport*, with the Powder, has promised me six or seven Funerals this Week. I'll send our Country-Farm at *Kensington-Gravel-Pits*, and our City-House in *Warwick-lane* for News; you shall know me enough. Hark'e, be sure there's Care taken to give my Lady *Languisbe's* Woman a Fee, to keep out that young Fellow came last from *Oxford*; he'll ruin us all.

Enter Goody TRASH.

I wonder, *Goody Trash*, you could not be more punctual; when I told you I wanted you, and your two Daughters, to be three Virgins to Night to stand in White about my Lady *Katherine Griffel's* Body, and you know you were privately to bring her home from the Man-midwife's, where she dy'd in Child-birth, to be buried like a Maid; but there is nothing minded: Well, I have put off that 'till to-morrow; go and get your Bag of Brick-dust and your Whiting. Go and sell to the Cook-maids, know who has perfeited about Town: Bring me no bad News, none of our Recoveries again. And you, Mr. Blockhead, I warrant you have not call'd at Mr. *Pestle's* the Apothecary: Will that Fellow never pay me? I stand bound for all the Poison in that starving Murderer's Shop: He serves me just as Dr. *Quibus* did, who promis'd to write a Treatise against Water-gruel, a damn'd healthy Slop, that has done me more Injury than all the Faculty: Look you now, you're all upon the Sneer, let me have none but downright stupid Countenances—I've a good mind to turn you all off, and take People out of the Play-House; but hang 'em they are as ignorant of their Parts as you are of your's, they never act but when they speak; when the chief Indication of the Mind is in the Gesture, in indeed in case of

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of Sorrow in no Gesture, except you were to act a Widow, or so ——— But yours, you Dolts, is all in dumb Show ; dumb Show ? I mean expressive eloquent Show : As who can see such an horrid ugly Phiz as that Fellow's, and not be shock'd, offended, and kill'd of all Joy while he beholds it ? But we must not loiter ——— Ye stupid Rogues, whom I have pick'd out of all the Rubbish of Mankind, and fee'd for your eminent Worthlessness attend, and know that I speak you this Moment stiff and immutable to all Sense of Noise, Mirth, or Laughter : [*Makes Mouths at 'em as they pass by him, to bring 'em to a constant Countenance*] So, they are pretty well ——— pretty well ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter TRUSTY and Lord BRUMPTON.

Tru. 'Tis Fondness, Sir, and tender Duty to you, who have been so worthy and so just a Master to me, made me stay near you ; they left me so, and there I found you wake from your lethargick Slumber ; on which I will assume an Authority to beseech you, Sir, to make just use of your reviv'd Life, in seeing who are your true Friends, and knowing her who has so wrought upon your noble Nature, as to make it act against it self in disinheriting your brave Son.

Ld. B. Sure 'tis impossible she should be such a Creature as you tell me ——— My Mind reflects upon ten thousand Endearments that plead unanswerably for her : Her chaste reluctant Love, her easy Observance of all my wayward Humours, to which she would accommodate her self with so much Ease, I could scarce observe it was a Virtue in her ; she hid her very Patience.

Tru. It was all Art, Sir, or Indifference to you ; for what I say is downright Matter of Fact.

Ld. B. Why didst thou ever tell me it ? Or why not in my Life-time, for I must call it so, nor can I date a Minute mine, after her being false, all past that Moment is Death and Darknes : Why didst thou not tell me then I say ?

Tru. Because you were too much in Love with her to be inform'd ; nor did I ever know a Man that touch'd on conjugal Affairs could ever reconcile the jarring Humours, but in a common Hatred of the Intermedler : But on this most
extraordinary

extraordinary Occasion, which seems pointed out by Heaven itself to disengage you from your Cruelty and Banishment of an innocent Child, I must, I will conjure you to be conceal'd, and but contain your self, in hearing one Discourse with that curs'd Instrument of all her Secrets, that *Tattleaid*, and you'll see what I tell you; you'll call me then your Guardian and good Genius.

Ld. B. Well you shall govern me, but would I had dy'd in earnest e'er I'd known it; my Head swims as it did when I fell into my Fit, at the Thoughts of it—How dizzy a Place is this World you live in! All Human-life's a meer Vertigo!

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, fine Reflections, fine Reflections, but that does no Business: Thus, Sir, we'll stand conceal'd, and hear, I doubt not, a much sincerer Dialogue than usual between vicious Persons; for a late Accident has giv'n a little Jealousy, which makes 'em overact their Love and Confidence in each other. [*They retire.*]

Enter WIDOW and TATTLEAID meeting and running to each other.

Wid. Oh *Tattleaid*! His and our Hour is come!

Tat. I always said, by his Church-yard Cough, you'd bury him, but still you were impatient——

Wid. Nay, thou hast ever been my Comfort, my Confident, my Friend, and my Servant; and now I'll reward thy Pains; for tho' I scorn the whole sex of Fellows, I'll give 'em hopes for thy Sake; every Smile, every Frown, every Gesture, Humour, Caprice and Whimsy of mine, shall be Gold to thee, Girl; thou shalt feel all the Sweet and Wealth of being a fine rich Widow's Woman: Oh! How my Head runs my first Year out, and jumps to all the Joys of Widow-hood! If thirteen Months hence a Friend should haul one to a Play one has a Mind to see, what Pleasure 'twill be, when my Lady *Brumpton's* Footman's call'd (who kept a Place for that very Purpose) to make a sudden Infurrection of fine Wigs in the Pit and Side-boxes. Then, with a pretty Sorrow in one's Face, and a willing Blush for being star'd at, one ventures to look round and bow to one's own Quality. Thus [*very directly*] to a smug pretending

pretending Fellow of no Fortune: Thus [*as scarce seeing him*] to one that writes Lampoons: Thus [*fearfully*] to one one really loves: Thus [*looking down*] to one's Woman-Acquaintance; from Box to Box thus: [*with Looks indifferently familiar*] And when one has done one's Part, observe the Actors to do theirs, but with my Mind fixt not on those I look at, but those that look at me——Then the Serenades! The Lovers!

Tat. Oh Madam, you make my Heart bound within me; I'll warrant you, Madam, I'll manage 'em all; and indeed, Madam, the Men are really very silly Creatures, 'tis no such hard Matter——They Rulers! They Governors! I warrant you indeed!

Wid. Ay *Tattleaid*, they imagine themselves mighty Things, but Government founded on Force only is a brutal Power——We rule them by their Affections; which blinds them into a Belief that they rule us, or at least are in the Government with us——But in this Nation our Power is absolute; Thus, thus, we sway——[*Playing her Fan*] A Fan is both the Standard, and the Flag of *England*: I laugh to see the Men go our Errands, strut in great Offices, live in Cares, Hazards and Scandals, to come home and be Fools to us in Brags of their Dispatches, Negotiations, and their Wisdoms——as my good Dear deceas'd us'd to entertain me; which I to relieve my self from——would lisp some silly Request, pat him on the Face——He shakes his Head at my pretty Folly, calls me Simpleton; gives me a Jewel, then goes to Bed so wise, so satisfied, and so deceiv'd.

Tat. But I protest, Madam, I've always wonder'd how you could accomplish my young Lord's being disinherited.

Wid. Why *Tatty* you must know my late Lord——how prettily that sounds, my late Lord! But I say, my late Lord *Fribble* was Generosity——I press'd him there, and whenever you, by my Order, had told him Stories to my Son-in-Law's Disadvantage, in his Rage and Resentment, I (whose Interest lay otherwise) always fell on my Knees to implore his Pardon, and with Tears, Sighs and Importunities for him prevail'd against him: Besides this,
you

you know I had when I pleas'd Fits; Fits are a mighty Help in the Government of a good-natur'd Man; but to an ill-natur'd Fellow have a care of 'em—he'll hate you for your natural Infirmities, will remember your Face in its Distortion, and not value your Return of Beauty.

Tat. O rare Madam! Your Ladyship's a great Head-piece; but now, dear Madam, is the hard Task, if I may take the Liberty to say it—to enjoy all Freedoms, and seem to abstain, to manage the Number of Pretenders, and keep the Disoblig'd from prating—

Wid. Never fear, *Tattleaid*; while you have Riches, if you affront one to Abuse, you can give Hopes to another to defend you: These Maxims I have been laying up all my Husband's Life-time, for we must provide against Calamities——

Tat. But now, Madam, a fine young Gentleman with a red Coat, that dances——

Wid. You may be sure the happy Man (if it be in Fate that there is a happy man to make me an unhappy Woman) shall not be an old one again: Age and Youth married, is the Cruelty in *Dryden's Virgil*, where *Mezentius* ties the dead and living together: I'm sure I was ty'd to a dead Man many a long Day before I durst bury him—But the Day is now my own—Yet now I think on't, *Tattleaid*, be sure to keep an obstinate Shyness to all our old Acquaintance: Let 'em talk of Favours if they please, if we grant 'em still they'll grow Tyrants to us; if we discard 'em, the Chast and Innocent will not believe we could have Confidence to do it, were it so; and the Wise, if they believe it, will applaud our Prudence.

Tat. Ay, Madam—I believe Madam—I speak, Madam, but my humble Sense—Mr. *Cabinet* would marry you.

Wid. Marry me! No, *Tattleaid*. He that is so mean as to marry a Woman after an Affair with her, will be so base as to upbraid that very Weakness: He that marries his Wench will use her like his Wench—Such a Pair must sure live in a secret mutual Scorn of each other—and Wedlock is Hell, if at least one Side does not love, as it

B

would

would be Heaven if both did; and I believe it so much Heav'n, as to think it was never enjoy'd in this World.

Enter a Woman.

Wom. A Gentleman to Mrs. *Tattleaid*— [*Ex. Tat.*

Wid. Go to him—Bless me, how careless and open have I been to this subtle Creature in the Case of *Cabinet*! she's certainly in his Interests—We People of Condition are never guarded enough against those about us: They watch when our Minds boil over with Joy, or Grief, to come in upon us: How miserable 'tis to have One one hates always about one, and when one can't endure one's own Reflection upon some Actions, who can bear the Thoughts of another upon'em? But she has me by deep deep Secrets—The *Italians*, they say, can readily remove the too much intrusted—Oh their pretty scented Gloves! This Wench I know has play'd me false, and horn'd me in my Gallants: Oh *Italy*, I could resign all my Female *English* Liberty to thee, for thy much dearer Female Pleasure, Revenge! Well, what's the Matter, dear *Tatty*—

Enter TATTLEAID.

Tat. The Matter, Madam? Why Madam, Counsellor *Puzzle* is come to wait on your Ladyship about the Will, and the Conveyance of the Estate—there must, it seems, be no Time lost for fear of things; Fie, Fie, Madam, you a Widow these three Hours, and not look'd on a Parchment yet—Oh impious, to neglect the Will of the Dead!

Wid. As you say indeed, there is no Will of an Husband's so willingly obey'd as his last. But I must go in, and receive him in my Formalities, leaning on a Couch, as necessary a Posture as his going behind his Desk when he speaks to a Client—But do you bring him in hither 'till I'm ready— [*Exit.*

Tat. Mr. Counsellor, Mr. Counsellor— [*Calling.*

Enter PUZZLE and Clerk.

Puz. 'Servant good Madam *Tattleaid*, my antient Friend is gone, but Business must be minded—

Tat. I told my Lady twice or thrice, as she lies in dumb Grief on the Couch within, that you were here, but she
regarded

regarded me not ; however, since you say 'tis of such Moment, I'll venture to introduce you : Please but to repose here a little while I step in ; for methinks I would a little prepare her. [Exit Tattleaid.

Puz. Alas ! Alas ! Poor Lady !

Damn'd Hypocrites ! Well, this Noble's Death is a little sudden : Therefore pray let me recollect : Open the Bag, good *Tom*, now *Tom* thou art my Nephew, my dear Sister *Kate*'s only son, and my Heir, therefore I will conceal from thee on no Occasion any thing ; for I would enter thee into Business as soon as possible. Know then, Child, that the Lord of this House was one of your Men of Honour, and Sense, who lose the latter in the former, and are apt to take all Men to be like themselves ; now this Gentleman entirely trusted me ; and I made the only use a Man of Business can of a Trust, I cheated him ; for I, imperceptibly, before his Face made his whole Estate liable to an Hundred *per Annum* for my self, for good Services, &c. As for Legacies, they are good or not, as I please ; for let me tell you, a Man must take Pen, Ink and Paper, sit down by an old Fellow, and pretend to take Directions, but a true Lawyer never makes any Man's Will but his own ; and as the Priest of old among us got near the dying Man, and gave all to the Church, so now the Lawyer gives all to the Law.

Clerk. Ay Sir, but Priests then cheated the Nation by doing their Offices in an unknown Language.

Puz. True, but ours is a way much surer, for we cheat in no Language at all, but loll in our own Coaches, eloquent in Gibberish, and learned in Juggle—Pull out the Parchment ; there's the Deed, I made it as long as I could—Well, I hope to see the Day, when the Indenture shall be the exact Measure of the Land that passes by it—For 'tis a Discouragement to the Gown, that every ignorant Rogue of an Heir should in a Word or two understand his Father's Meaning, and hold ten Acres of Land by half an Acre of Parchment—Nay, I hope to see the Time when that there is indeed some Progress made in, shall be wholly effected ; and by the Improvement of

the noble Art of Tautology every Inn in *Holbourn* an Inn of Court——Let others think of Logick, Rhetorick, and I know not what Impertinence, but mind thou Tautology——What's the first Excellence in a Lawyer? Tautology: What the second? Tautology: What the third? Tautology: As an old Pleader said of Action: But turn to the Deed; [*Pulls out an immeasurable Parchment*] for the Will is of no force if I please, for he was not capable of making one after the former—as I manag'd it—upon which account I now wait upon my Lady: By the way, do you know the true Meaning of the Word, A Deed?

Clerk. Ay, Sir, A Deed is as if a Man should say The Deed.

Puz. Right: 'Tis emphatically so call'd, because after it—all Deeds and Actions are of no Effect, and you have nothing to do but hang your self—the only obliging thing you can then do—But I was telling you the Use of Tautology—Read toward the middle of that Instrument.

[*Clerk reads*] I the said Earl of *Brumpton*, do give, bestow, grant and bequeath, over and above the said Premises, all the Scite and Capital Messuage call'd by the Name of *Oatham*, and all Out-houses, Barns, Stables and other Edifices and Buildings, Yards, Orchards, Gardens, Fields, Arbors, Trees, Lands, Earths, Meadows, Greens, Pastures, Feedings, Woods, Underwoods, Ways, Waters, Water-courses, Fishings, Ponds, Pools, Commons, Common of Pasture, Paths, Heath-Thickets, Profits, Commodities and Emoluments, with their and every of their Appurtenances whatsoever, to

the said Capital Messuage and	} <i>Puzzle nods and sneers as the Synonymous Words are repeating, whom L. B. scornfully mimicks.</i>
Scite belonging, or in any wise	
appertaining, or with the same	
heretofore used, occupied, or enjoyed, accepted, executed, known	

or taken as Part, Parcel, or Member of the same; containing in the whole, by Estimation, four hundred Acres of the large Measure, or thereabouts, be the same more or less; all and singular which the said Scite, Capital Messuage,

szage, and other the Premisses, with their and every of their Appurtenances, are situate, lying and being—

Puz. Hold, hold, good *Tom*; you do come on indeed in Business, but you don't use your Nose enough in Reading—[*Reads in a ridiculous Law Tone, till out of Breath*] Why, you're quite out—you read to be understood—let me see it—I the said Earl—Now again, suppose this were to be in *Latin*—[*Runs into Latin Terminations*] Making *Latin*, is only making it no *English*—*Ego Predict*—*Comes de Brumpton*—*Totas meas Barnos*—*Outhoufas, & Stabulas*—*Yardos*—But there needs no further Perusal—I now recollect the whole—my Lord, by this Instrument, disinherits his Son utterly—gives all to my Lady—and moreover, grants the Wards of two Fortune-Wards to her—*Idest*, to be sold by her, which is the Subject of my Business to her Ladyship, who methinks a little over-does the Affair of Grief, in letting me wait thus long on such welcome Articles—But here—

Enter TATTLEAID wiping her Eyes.

Tat. I have in vain done all I can to make her regard me—Pray Mr. *Puzzle*, you're a Man of Sense, come in yourself, and speak Reason, to bring her to some Consideration of her self, if possible.

Puz. Tom, I'll come down to the Hall to you; dear Madam, lead on.

[*Ex. Clerk one way, Puz. Tat. another.*]

Ld. BRUMPTON and TRUSTY advance from their Concealment after a long Pause, and staring at each other.

Ld. B. Trusty, on thy Sincerity, on thy Fidelity to me thy Friend, thy Patron, and thy Master, answer me directly to one Question: Am I really alive? Am I that identical, that numerical, that very same Lord *Brumpton*, that——

Tru. That very Lord—that very Lord *Brumpton*, the very generous, honest and good Lord *Brumpton*, who spent his strong and riper Years with Honour and Reputation; but in his Age of Decay declined from Virtue also—that very Lord *Brumpton* who buried a fine Lady, who

brought him a fine Son, who is a fine Gentleman ; but in his Age, that very Man unseasonably captivated with Youth and Beauty, married a very fine young Lady, who has dishonour'd his Bed, disinherited his brave Son, and dances o'er his Grave.

Ld. B. Oh ! That damn'd Tautologist too—That *Puzzle* and his irrevocable Deed ! [*Pausing*] Well, I know I do not really live, but wander o'er the Place where once I had a Treasure—I'll haunt her, *Trufty*, gaze in that false beauteous Face, 'till she trembles, 'till she looks pale, nay, 'till she blushes——

Tru. Ay, ay, my Lord, you speak a Ghost very much, there's Flesh and Blood in that Expression, that false beauteous Face !

Ld. B. Then since you see my Weakness, be a Friend, and arm me with all your Care, and all your Reason—

Tru. If you'll condescend to let me direct you—you shall cut off this rotten Limb, your false disloyal Wife, and save your noble parts, your Son, your Family, your Honour.

*Short is the Date in which ill Acts prevail,
But Honesty's a Rock can never fail.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy solus.

Lord HARDY.

NOW indeed I am utterly undone ; but to expect an Evil softens the Weight of it when it happens, and Pain no more than Pleasure is in Reality so great as in Expectation : But what will become of me ? How shall I keep myself even above worldly Want ? Shall I live at Home a stiff melancholy poor Man of Quality, grow uneasy

uneasy to my Acquaintance as well as myself, by fancying I'm slighted where I am not ; with all the thousand Particularities which attend those whom low Fortune and high Spirit make Malecontents ? No ! We've a brave Prince on the Throne, whose Commission I bear, and a glorious War in an honest Cause approaching, [*Clapping his Hand on his Sword*] in which this shall cut bread for me, and may perhaps equal that Estate to which my Birth entitled me——But what to do in present Pressures——Ha !

Trim.

[*Calling.*

Enter TRIM,

Trim. My Lord.

Ld. H. How do the poor Rogues that are to recruit my Company ?

Trim. Do, Sir ! They've eat you to your last Guinea.

Ld. H. Were you at the Agent's ?

Trim. Yes.

Ld. H. Well ? And how ?

Trim. Why Sir, for your Arrears, you may have eleven Shilling in the Pound ; but he'll not touch your growing Subsistence under three Shillings in the Pound Interest——besides which, you must let his Clerk, *Jonathan Item*, swear the Peace against you to keep you from Duelling——or insure your Life, which you may do for Eight *per Cent.* On these Terms he'll oblige you, which he would not do for any Body else in the Regiment, but he has a Friendship for you,

Ld. H. Oh, I'm his humble Servant ; but he must have his own Terms, we can't starve, nor must my Fellows want : but methinks this is a calm Midnight, I've heard no Duns to Day——

Trim. Duns, my Lord ? Why now your Father's dead, and they can't arrest you, I shall grow a little less upon the smooth with 'em than I have been : Why Friend, says I, how often must I tell you my Lord is not stirring : His Lordship has not slept well, you must come some other Time ; your Lordship will send for him when you are at Leisure to look upon Money-Affairs ; or if they are so sawcy, so impertinent as to press to a Man

of your Quality for their own—there are Canes, there's *Bridewell*, there's the Stocks for your ordinary Tradesmen. But to an haughty thriving *Covent-Garden* Mercer, Silk or Lace-man, your Lordship gives your most humble Service to him, hopes his Wife's well; you have Letters to write, or you'd see him your self, but you desire he would be with you punctually such a Day, that's to say, the Day after you are gone out of Town.

Ld. H. Go, Sirrah, you're scurrilous, I won't believe there are such Men of Quality—d'ye hear, give my Service this Afternoon to Mr. *Cutpurse* the Agent, and tell him I'm oblig'd to him for his Readiness to serve me, for I'm resolv'd to pay my Debts forthwith—

[*A Voice without.*

I don't know whether he's within, or not: Mr. *Trim*, is my Lord within?

Ld. H. *Trim*, see who it is; I an't within, you know—

[*Trim without.*

Yes, Sir, my Lord's above, pray walk up—

Ld. H. Who can it be? He owns me too.

Enter CAMPLEY and TRIM.

Dear *Tom Campley*, this is kind—You are an extraordinary Man indeed, who in the sudden Accession of a noble Fortune can be still your self, and visit your less happy Friends.

Cam. No, you are, my Lord, the extraordinary Man, who on the Loss of an almost Princely Fortune, can be Master of a Temper, that makes you the Envy, rather than Pity of your more fortunate, not more happy Friends.

Ld. H. Oh Sir, your Servant—but let me gaze on thee a little—I han't seen thee since I came home into *England*—most exactly, negligently, genteely dress'd! I know there's more than Ordinary in this—[*beating Campley's breast*] Come, confess, who shares with me here—I must have her real and poetical Name—Come—She's in Sonnet, *Cynthia*—In prose, Mistress—

Cam. One you little dream of, tho' she is in a manner of your placing there.

Ld.

Ld. H. My placing there ?

Cam. Why, my Lord, all the fine things you've said to me in the Camp of my Lady *Sbarlot*, your Father's Ward, ran in my Head so very much, that I made it my Business to become acquainted in that Family, which I did by Mr. *Cabinet's* means, and am now in love in the same Place with your Lordship.

Ld. H. How ! in love in the same Place with me, Mr. *Campley* ?

Cam. Ay, my Lord, with t'other Sister, with t'other Sister.

Ld. H. What a Dunce was I, not to know which, without your naming her ? Why, thou art the only Man breathing fit to deal with her—But my Lady *Sbarlot*, there's a Woman—So easily virtuous !—So agreeably severe ! Her Motion so unaffected, yet so compos'd ! Her Lips breath nothing but Truth, good Sense, and flowing Wit.

Cam. Lady *Harriot* ! There's the Woman, such Life, such Spirit, such Warmth in her Eyes—Such a lively commanding Air in her Glances ; so spritely a Mein, that carries in it the Triumph of conscious Beauty ; her Lips are made up of Gum and Balm—There's something in that dear Girl that fires my Blood above—above—above—

Ld. H. Above what ?

Cam. A Grenadier's March.

Ld. H. A soft Simile, I must confess—but oh that *Sbarlot* ! to recline this aching Head, full of Care, on that tender, snowy—faithful Bosom !

Cam. O that *Harriot* ! To embrace that Beauteous—

Ld. H. Ay *Tom* ; but methinks your Head runs too much on the Wedding-night only, to make your Happiness lasting ; mine is fixt on the married State ; I expect my Felicity from Lady *Sbarlot*, in her Friendship, her Constancy, her Piety, her household Cares, her maternal Tenderneſs—You think not of any Excellence of your Mistress, that is more than Skin-deep—

Cam. When I know her further than Skin-deep, I'll tell you more of my Mind.

Ld.

Ld. H. O fy *Tom*, how can you talk so lightly of a Woman you love with Honour—But tell me, I wonder how you make your Approaches in besieging such a Sort of Creature; she that loves Addresses, Gallantry, Fiddles: That reigns and delights in a crowd of Admirers—If I know her, she's one of those you may easily have a general Acquaintance with, but hard to make particular——

Cam. You understand her very well—You must know I put her out of all her Play, by carrying it in an humorous Manner; I took Care in all my Actions, before I discover'd the Lover, that she should in general have a good Opinion of me; and have ever since behav'd my self with all the good Humour and Ease I was able; so that she is now extremely at a Loss how to throw me from the Familiarity of an Acquaintance, into the Distance of a Lover; but I laugh her out of it; when she begins to frown, and look grave at my Mirth, I mimick her 'till she bursts out a laughing——

Ld. H. That's ridiculous enough.

Cam. By *Cabinet's* Interest over my Lady *Brumpton*, with Gold and Flattery to Mrs. *Fardingale*, an old Maid her Ladyship has plac'd about the young Ladies, I have easy Access at all times, and am this very Day to be admitted by her into their Apartment——I have found, you must know, that she is my Relation——

Ld. H. Her Ladyship has chosen an odd Companion for young Ladies——

Cam. Oh my Lady's a Politician; she told *Tattleaid* one Day, that an old Maid was the best Guard for young Ones, for they, like Eunuchs in a *Seraglio*, are vigilant, out of Envy of Enjoyments they cannot themselves arrive at——But, as I was saying, I've sent my Cousin *Fardingale* a Song, which she and I are to practise to the Spinet—The young Ladies will be by---and I am to be left alone with Lady *Harriot*, then I design to make my grand Attack and to-day win or lose her: I know, Sir, this is an Opportunity you want—If you'll meet me at *Tom's*, have a Letter ready, I'll myself deliver it to your Mistress, conduct you into the House, and tell her you
are

are there——and find means to place you together——
You must march under my Command to Day, as I have
many a one under yours——

Ld. H. But 'faith *Tom* I shall not behave my self with
half the Resolution you have under mine ; for to confess
my Weakness, tho' I know she loves me, tho' I know
she is as stedfastly mine, as her Heart can make her——
I know not how, I have so sublime an Idea of her high
Value, and such a melting Tenderness dissolves my
whole Frame, when I am near her, that my Tongue
falters, my Nerves shake, and my Heart so alternately
sinks and rises, that my premeditated Resolves vanish into
Confusion, down-cast Eyes, and broken Utterance——

Cam. Ha ! ha ! ha ! This in a Campaigner too ! Why, my
Lord, that's the Condition *Harriot* would have me in, and
then she thinks she could have me ; but I, that know her
better than she does herself, know she'd insult me, and lead
me a two Years dance longer, and perhaps in the End
turn me into the Herd of the many neglected Men of
better Sense, who have been ridiculous for her Sake——
But I shall make her no such Sacrifice——'Tis well my
Lady *Sharlot's* a Woman of so solid an Understanding,
I don't know another that would not use you ill for
your high Value——

Ld. H. But *Tom*, I must see your Song you've sent
your Cousin *Fardingle*, as you call her.

Cam. This is lucky enough. [Aside.
No hang it, my Lord, a Man makes so silly a Figure
when his Verses are reading——*Trim*——Thou hast
not left off thy loving and thy rhiming, *Trim's* a Cri-
tick, I remember him a Servitude at *Oxon*, [gives a Pa-
per to *Trim*——] I give my self into his Hands, because
you shan't see 'em 'till I'm gone.

My Lord, your Servant, you shan't stir.

Ld. H. Nor you neither then.

[Struggling.

Cam. You will be obey'd.

[Exeunt : Lord Hardy waits on him down.

Trim. What's in this Song—Ha—don't my Eyes de-
ceive me—a Bill of Three Hundred Pounds——

Mr.

Mr. CASH,

PRAY pay to Mr. William Trim, or Bearer, the
Sum of Three Hundred Pounds, and place it to the
Account of,

S I R,

Your humble Servant,

THO. CAMPLEY.

[Pulling off his Hat and bowing] Your very humble Servant good Mr. Campley. Ay, this is Poetry, this is a Song indeed! Faith I'll set it, and sing it my self—Pray pay to Mr. William Trim—so far in Recitativo—Three Hundred, [singing ridiculously—] Hun—dred—Hundred—hundred thrice repeated, because 'tis three hundred Pounds, I love Repetitions in Musick, when there's a good Reason for it, Po—unds after the Italian Manner—If they'd bring me such sensible Words as these, I'd outstrip all your Composers, for the Musick Prize—This was honestly done of Mr. Campley—Tho' I have carried him many a Purse from my Master when he was Ensign to our Company in Flanders—

Enter Lord HARDY.

My Lord, I am your Lordship's humble Servant.

Ld. H. Sir, your humble Servant. But pray, my good familiar Friend, how came you to be so very much my humble Servant all of a sudden?

Trim. I beg pardon, dear Sir, my Lord, I am not your humble Servant.

Ld. H. No?

Trim. Yes, my Lord, I am, but not as you mean—but I am—I am, my Lord—in short I am overjoy'd.

Ld. H. Overjoy'd! Thou'rt distracted—what ails the Fellow—Where's Campley's Song?

Trim. Oh! my Lord, one would not think 'twas in him. Mr. Campley's really a very great Poet—as for the Song, 'tis only as they all end in Rhime—Owe—Woe—
—Isses

— Kisses—Boy—Joy—But, my Lord, the other in long heroick blank Verse.

[Reading it with a great Tone—]

Pray pay to Mr. William Trim, or order the Sum of—
How sweetly it runs?—*Paſſolian* Guineas chink in every Line—

Ld. H. How very handsomely this was done in *Camp-ley*? I wonder'd indeed he was so unwilling to shew his Verses—in how careless a Manner that Fellow does the greatest Actions!—

Trim. My Lord, pray my Lord, shan't I go immediately to *Cutpurse's*?

Ld. H. No, Sirrah—now we've no Occasion for it—

Trim. No, my Lord, only to stare him full in the Face after I've receiv'd this Money, not say a Word, but keep my Hat on, and walk out—Or perhaps not hear, if any I meet with to speak to me—but grow stiff, deaf, and shortsighted to all my old Acquaintance, like a sudden rich Man as I am—Or perhaps, my Lord, desire *Cutpurse's* Clerk to let me leave fifty Pounds at their House, payable to Mr. *William Trim*, or order—'till I come that way—or a Month or two hence, may have Occasion for it—I don't know what Bills may be drawn upon me—Then when the Clerk begins to stare at me, 'till he pulls the great Goose Quill from behind his Ear—[Pulls a handful of Farthings out—] I fall a reckoning the Pieces as I do these Farthings.

Ld. H. Well, Sirrah, you may have your Humour, but before you take Fourscore Pounds, and pay my Debts immediately—if you meet any Officer you ever saw me in Company with, that looks grave at *Cutpurse's* House, tell him I'd speak with him—We must help our Friends—But learn Moderation, you Rogue, in your good Fortune; be at home all the Evening after, while I wait at *Tom's* to meet *Campley* in order to see Lady *Sharlot*—

My Good or Ill in her alone is found,

And in that Thought all other Cares are drown'd.

[Exeunt.]

Enter

Enter SABLE, Lord BRUMPTON, and TRUSTY.

Sab. Why, my Lord, you can't in Conscience put me off so; I must do according to my Orders, cut you up, and embalm you, except you'll come down a little deeper than you talk of; you don't consider the Charges I have been at already.

Ld. B. Charges? For what?

Sab. First, Twenty Guineas to my Lady's Woman for Notice of your Death (a Fee I've, before now, known the Widow herself go halves in) but no matter for that—in the next place, Ten Pounds for watching you all your long Fit of Sickness last Winter—

Ld. B. Watching me? Why I had none but my own Servants by Turns—

Sab. I mean, attending to give Notice of your Death. I had all your long Fit of Sickness last Winter at Half a Crown a Day, a Fellow waiting at your Gate to bring me Intelligence, but you unfortunately recover'd, and I lost all my obliging Pains for your Service.

Ld. B. Ha! ha! ha! *Sable*, thou art a very impudent Fellow. Half a Crown a Day to attend my Decease, and dost thou reckon it to me!

Sab. Look ye Gentlemen, don't stand staring at me, I have a Book at home which I call my Dooms-Day-Book, where I have every Man of Quality's Age and Distemper in Town, and know what you should drop—Nay, my Lord, if you had reflected upon your Mortality half so much as poor as I have for you, you would not desire to return to Life thus—in short I cannot keep this a Secret, under the whole Money I am to have for burying you.

Ld. B. Trusty, if you think it safe in you to obey my Orders after the Deed *Puzzle* told his Clerk of, pay it him—

Tru. I should be glad to give it out of my own Pocket, rather than be without the Satisfaction of seeing you witness to it.

Ld. B.

Ld. B. I heartily believe thee, dear *Trusty*——

Sab. Then, my Lord, the Secret of your being alive, is now safe with me.

Tru. I'll warrant I'll be reveng'd of this unconscionable Dog [*Aside*]——My Lord, you must to your Closet——I fear some Body's coming——

[*Exe. Sable one way, Ld. B. and Trusty another.*]

SCENE *draws and discovers Lady SHARLOT reading at a Table—Lady HARRIOT playing at a Glafs to and fro, and viewing herself.*

L. Ha. Nay, good Sage Sister, you may as well talk to me, [*Looking at herself when she speaks*] as sit staring at a Book which I know you can't attend—Good Dr. *Lucas* may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting *Francis Lord Hardy*, now Earl of *Brumpton*, out of your Head, or making him absent from your Eyes; do but look at me now, and deny it if you can——

L. Sb. You are the maddest Girl—— [*Smiling.*]

L. Ha. Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing——[*Looking over Sharlot*] Oh I see his Name as plain as you do——F—r—e—e—n Fran, c—i—s cis, *Francis*, 'tis in every Line of the Book.

L. Sb. [*Rising*] 'Tis in vain, I see, to mind any thing in such impertinent Company——but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord *Hardy*——'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self.

L. Ha. No, I think not——Yes I grant you than really to be vain at one's Person, but I don't admire my self——Pish! I don't believe my Eyes have that Softness——[*Looking in the Glafs.*] They an't so piercing: No, 'tis only Stuff the Men will be talking——Some People are such Admirers of Teeth——Lord what signifies Teeth? [*Showing her Teeth.*] A very Blackamoor has as white Teeth as I——No, Sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a Spirit of Contradiction in me: I don't know, I'm in love with my self, only to rival the Men——

L. Sb. Ay, but Mr. *Campley* will gain Ground ev'n of that Rival of his, your dear self——

L. Ha.

L. Ha. Oh! What have I done to you, that you should name that insolent Intruder—A confident opinionative Fop—No indeed, if I am, as a Poetical Lover of mine sigh'd and sung, of both Sexes,

The Publick Envy, and the Publick Care,

I shan't be so easily catch'd—I thank him—I want but to be sure, I shou'd heartily torment him, by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this Life, or not.

L. Sb. Indeed, Sister, to be ferious with you, this Vanity in your Humour does not at all become you!

L. Ha. Vanity! All the Matter is, we gay People are more sincere than you wise Folks: All your Life's an Art—Speak your Soul—Look you there—[*Halling her to the Glass*] Are you not struck with a secret Pleasure, when you view that Bloom in your Looks, that Harmony in your Shape, that Promptitude of your Mein!

L. Sb. Well, Simpleton, if I am at first so silly, as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a Fault, and take pains to correct it.

L. Ha. Pfaw! Pfaw! Talk this musty Tale to old Mrs. *Fardingale*, 'tis too soon for me to think at that Rate—

L. Sb. They that think it too soon to understand themselves, will very soon find it too late—But tell me honestly, don't you like *Campley*?

L. Ha. The Fellow is not to be abhorr'd, if the forward Thing did not think of getting me so easily—Oh—I hate a Heart I can't break when I please—What makes the Value of dear China, but that 'tis so brittle?—Were it not for that, you might as well have stone Mugs in your Closet.

L. Sb. Hift, hift, here's *Fardingale*—

Enter FARDINGALE.

Far. Lady Harriot, Lady Sharlot—I'll entertain you now, I've a new Song just come hot out of the Poet's Brain: Lady Sharlot, my Cousin *Campley* writ it, and 'tis set to a pretty Air, I warrant you.

L. Ha.

L. Ha. 'Tis like to be pretty indeed, of his Writing.
[Flings away.]

Far. Come, come—this is not one of your Tringham Tringham witty things, that your poor Poets write, no, 'tis well known my Cousin *Campley* has two thousand Pounds a Year——But this is all Diffimulation in you.

L. Sh. 'Tis so indeed, for your Cousin's Song's very pretty, Mrs. *Fardingale*.

Reads.

*Let not Love on me bestow
Soft Distress, and tender Woe ;
I know none but substantial Blissess,
Eager Glances, solid Kisses ;
I know not what the Lovers feign,
Of finer Pleasure mix'd with Pain ;
Then prithee give me, gentle Boy,
None of thy Grief, but all thy Joy.*

But *Harriot* thinks that a little unreasonable, to expect one without enduring t'other.

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's your Cousin *Campley* to wait on you without——

Far. Let him come in—we shall have the Song now——

Enter CAMPLEY.

Cam. Ladies, your most obedient Servant—Your Servant, Lady *Sharlot*—Servant, Lady *Harriot*—[*Harriot looks grave upon him*] What's the Matter, dear Lady *Harriot*—Not well ? I protest to you I'm mightily concern'd—[pulls out a Bottle] This is a most excellent Spirit—snuff it up, Madam——

L. Ha. Pish—the familiar Coxcomb frets me heartily--

Cam. 'Twill over, I hope, immediately.

L. Sh. Your Cousin *Fardingale* has shewn us some of your Poetry ; there's the Spinnet, Mr. *Campley*, I know you're musical.

Cam. She should not have call'd it my Poetry.

Far. No: Who waits there—Pray bring my Lute out of the next Room

C

Enter

Enter Servant with a Lute.

You must know that I con'd this Song before I came in, and find'twill go to an excellent Air of old Mr. *Law's's*, who was my Mother's intimate Acquaintance; my Mother's? What do I talk of? I mean my Grand-Mother's!—Oh here's the Lute—Cousin *Campley*, hold the Song upon your Hat. [*Aside to him*] 'Tis a pretty Gallantry to a Relation.

*Sings and Squalls.**Let not Love, &c.*

Oh! I have left off these things many a Day.

Cam. No; I profess, Madam, you do it admirably—but are not assur'd enough—Take it higher [*in her own Squall*] Thus—I know your Voice will bear it.

L. Ha. Oh hideous! Oh the gross Flatterer—I shall burst—Mrs. *Fardingale*, pray go on, the Musick fits the Words most aptly—Take it higher, as your Cousin advises—

Far. Oh dear Madam, do you really like it—I do it purely to please you—for I can't sing, alas!

L. Sb. We know it, good Madam, we know it—But pray—

Far. *Let not Love and substantial Bliss*, is lively enough, and ran accordingly in the Tune [*Curtseys to the Company*] Now I took it higher—

L. Ha. Incomparably done! Nothing can equal it, except your Cousin sang his own Poetry.

Cam. Madam, from my Lord *Hardy*—[*Delivers a Letter to Lady Sharlot.*] How do you say, my Lady *Harriot*, except I sing it myself? Then I assure you I will.

L. Sb. I han't Patience, I must go read my Letter.

[Exit.

Cam. Sings. *Let not Love, &c.*

Far. Bless me, what's become of Lady *Sharlot*? [*Exit.*

L. Ha. Mrs. *Fardingale*, Mrs. *Fardingale*, what, must we lose you—

[Going after her.

CAMPLEY runs to the Door, takes the Key out, and locks her in.

What means this Insolence? A Plot upon me—Do you know who I am—

Cam.

Cam. Yes, Madam, you're my Lady *Sbarlot Lovely*, with ten thousand Pounds in your Pocket; and I am Mr. *Campley* with two thousand a Year—of Quality enough to pretend to you—And I do design, before I leave this Room, to hear you talk like a reasonable Woman, as Nature has made you—Nay, 'tis in vain to flounce—and discompose your self and your Dress.

L. Ha. If there are Swords, if there are men of Honour, and not all Dastards, Cowards that pretend to this injur'd Person—

[*Running round the Room.*]

Cam. Ay, ay, Madam, let 'em come—That's putting me in my way, Fighting's my Trade—but you've us'd all Mankind too ill to expect so much Service—In short, Madam, were you a Fool I should not desire to expostulate with you—[*Seizing her Hand*] But—

L. Ha. Unhand me, Ravisher—[*Pulls her Hand from him, chafes round the Room, Cam. after her.*]

Cam. But Madam, Madam, Madam, why Madam!

*Prithee CINTHIA, look behind you,
Age and Wrinkles will o'ertake you.*

[*Sings.*]

L. Ha. Age, Wrinkles, Small-Pox, nay, any thing that's most abhorrent to Youth and Bloom, were welcome in the Place of so detested a Creature.

Cam. No such matter, Lady *Harriot*; I would not be a vain Coxcomb, but I know I am not detestable, nay, know where you've said as much before you understood me for your Servant. Was I immediately transform'd because I became your Lover?

L. Ha. My Lover, Sir! Did I ever give you Reason to think I admitted you as such?

Cam. Yes, you did, in your using me ill—for if you did not assume upon the Score of my pretending to you, how do you answer to yourself some Parts of your Behaviour to me as a Gentleman—'Tis trivial all this in you, and derogates from the good Sense I know you Mistress of; do but consider, Madam, I have long lov'd you—bore with your phantastic Humour through all its Ma-

zes—Nay, do not frown—for 'tis no better—I say I have bore with this Humour, but would you have me with an unmanly Servitude feed it.—No, I love you with too sincere, too honest a Devotion—and would have your Mind as faultless as your Person, which 'twould be, if you'd lay aside this Vanity of being pursu'd with Sighs, with Flatteries, with Nonsense—[*She walks about less violently, but more confus'd.*] Oh my Heart akes at the Disturbance which I give her, but she must not see it [*aside*].—Had I not better tell you of it now, than when you're in my Power? I should be then too generous to thwart your Inclination.

L. Ha. That is indeed very handsomely said. Why should I not obey Reason as soon as I see it? [*Aside*] Since so, Mr. *Campley*, I can as ingenuously as I should then, acknowledge that I have been in an Error.

[*Looking down on her Fan.*]

Cam. Nay, that's too great a Condescension: Oh! Excellence! I repent! I see 'twas but Justice in you to demand my Knees [*kneeling*] my Sighs, my constant tenderest Regard and Service—And you shall have 'em, since you are above 'em—

L. Ha. Nay, Mr. *Campley*, you won't recal me to a Fault you have so lately shewn me—I will not suffer this—No more Ecstasies! But pray, Sir, what was't you did to get my Sister out of the Room?

Cam. You may know it, and I must desire you to assist my Lord *Hardy* there, who writ to her by me—For he is no Ravisher, as you call'd me just now—He is now in the House—And I would fain give an interview—

L. Ha. That they may have—But they'll make little use of it; for the Tongue is the Instrument of Speech to us of a lower Form; they are of that high Order of Lovers, who know none but eloquent Silence, and can utter themselves only by a Gesture that speaks their Passion inexpressible—and what not fine things.

Cam. But pray let's go into your Sister's Closet, while they are together.

L. Ha.

L. Ha. I swear I don't know how to see my Sister—she'll laugh me to Death to see me out of my Pantoslees, and you and I thus familiar—However, I know she'll approve it.

Cam. You may boast yourself an Heroine to her, and the first Woman that ever was vanquish'd by hearing Truth, and had Sincerity enough to receive so rough an Obligation, as being made acquainted with her Faults—Come, Madam, stand your Ground bravely, we'll march in to her thus. [*She leaning on Campley.*]

L. Ha. Who'll believe a Woman's Anger more? I've betray'd the whole Sex to you, Mr. Campley. [*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Lord HARDY and CAMPLEY.

Cam. My Lord, her Sister, who now is mine, will immediately send her hither—But be yourself—Charge her bravely—I wish she were a Cannon—An eighteen Pounder for your Sake—Then I know, were there Occasion, you'd be in the Mouth of her——

Ld. H. I long, yet fear to see her—I know I am unable to utter myself——

Cam. Come, retire here 'till she appears.

[*Go back to the Door.*]

Enter Lady SHARLOT.

L. Sb. Now is the tender Moment now approaching. [*aside*] There he is, [*They approach and salute each other trembling*] Your Lordship will please to fit; [*After a very long Pause, stoln Glances, and irresolute Gesture.*] Your Lordship, I think, has travell'd those Parts of Italy where the Armies are——

Ld. H. Yes, Madam——

L. Sb. I think I have Letters from you, dated Mantua.

Ld. H. I hope you have, Madam, and that their Purpose——

L. Sb. My Lord?— [*Looking serious and confus'd.*]

Ld. H. Was not your Ladyship going to say something?

L. Sb. I only attended to what your Lordship was going to say—That is, my Lord—But you were, I be-

lieve, going to say something of that Garden of the World, *Italy*—I am very sorry your Misfortunes in *England* are such as make you justly regret your leaving that Place.

Ld. H. There is a Person in *England* may make those Losses insensible to me.

L. Sb. Indeed, my Lord, there have so very few of Quality attended his Majesty in the War, that your Birth and Merit may well hope for his Favour.

Ld. H. I have, indeed, all the Zeal in the World for his Majesty's Service, and most grateful Affection for his Person, but did not then mean him—

L. Sb. But can you indeed impartially say that our Island is really preferable to the rest of the World, or is it an Arrogance only in us to think so?

Ld. H. I profess, Madam, that little I have seen has but more endear'd *England* to me; for that Medley of Humours which perhaps distracts our publick Affairs, does, methinks, improve our private Lives, and makes Conversation more various, and consequently more pleasing—Every where else both Men and Things have the same Countenance—In *France* you meet much Civility, and little Friendship; in *Holland*, deep Attention, but little Reflection; in *Italy*, all Pleasure but no Mirth—But here with us, where you have every where Pretenders, or Masters in every thing, you can't fall into Company wherein you shall not be instructed or diverted.

L. Sb. I never had an Account of any thing from you, my Lord, but I mourn'd the Loss of my Brother, you would have been so happy a Companion for him—With that right Sense of yours—My Lord, you need not bow so obsequiously, for I do you but Justice—But you sent me Word of your seeing a Lady in *Italy* very like me—Did you visit her often?

Ld. H. Once or twice; but I observ'd her so loose a Creature, that I could have kill'd her for having your Person—

L. Sb. I thank you, Sir; but Heaven that preserves me unlike her, will I hope make her more like me—

But

But your Fellow-Traveller—His Relations themselves know not a just Account of him——

Ld. H. The original Cause of his Fever was a violent Passion for a fine young Woman he had not Power to speak to—but I told her his Regard for her, as passionately as possible——

L. Sb. You were to him what Mr. *Campley* has been to you——Whither am I running?———Poor, your Friend——Poor Gentleman——

Ld. H. I hope then as *Campley's* Eloquence is greater, so has been his Success——

L. Sb. My Lord?

Ld. H. Your Ladyship's.

Enter Lady HARRIOT.

L. H. Undone! Undone! *Tattleaid* has found, by some means or other, that *Campley* brought my Lord *Hardy* hither; we are utterly ruin'd, my Lady's coming--

Ld. H. I'll stay and confront her.

L. Sb. It must not be———we are too much in her Power——

Enter CAMPLEY.

Cam. Come, come, my Lord, we're routed Horse and Foot—Down the back Stairs, and so out. [*Exeunt.*

Ladies. Ay, ay——

L. Ha. I tremble every Joint of me——

L. Sb. I am at a stand a little, but Rage will recover me. She's coming in——

Enter WIDOW.

Wid. Ladies, your Servant—I fear I interrupt you, have you Company? Lady *Harriot* your Servant, Lady *Sharlot* your Servant. What, not a Word—Oh I beg your Ladyship's Pardon—Lady *Sharlot*, did I say? My young Lady *Brumpton*, I wish you Joy.

L. Sb. Oh your Servant, Lady Dowager *Brumpton*—That's an Appellation of much more Joy to you—

Wid. So smart, Madam! But you should, methinks, have made one acquainted—Yet, Madam, your Conduct is seen through——

L. Sb. My Conduct, Lady *Brumpton*!

Wid. Your Conduct, Lady *Sbarlot*.

[*Coming up to each other.*]

L. Sb. Madam, 'tis you are seen through all your thin Disguises——

Wid. I seen? By whom?

L. Sb. By an all-piercing Eye, nay, by what you much more fear, the Eye of the World—The World sees you, or shall see you; it shall know your secret Intemperance, your publick Fasting—Loose Poems in your Closet, an Homily on your Toilet—Your easy skilful practis'd Hipocrisy, by which you wrought upon your Husband, basely to transfer the Trust and Ward of us, two helpless Virgins, into the Hands and Care of—I cannot name it—You're a wicked Woman.

L. Ha. [*Aside.*] O rare Sister! 'Tis a fine thing to keep ones Anger in Stock by one; we that are angry and pleas'd every half Hour, have nothing at all of all this high flown Fury! Why, she rages like a Princess in a Tragedy! Blessings on her Tongue——

Wid. Is this the Effect of your Morning Lectures, your Self-examination, all this Fury?

L. Sb. Yes it is, Madam; if I take pains to govern my Passions, it shall not give Licence to others to govern 'em for me——

Wid. Well, Lady *Sbarlot*, however you ill deserve it of me, I shall take care, while there are Locks and Bars, to keep you from Lord *Hardy*——From being a Leigher Lady, from carrying a Knapsack.

L. Sb. Knapsack! Do you upbraid the Poverty your own wicked Arts have brought him to—Knapsack! Oh grant me Patience, can I hear this of the Man I love? Knapsack! I have not Words—[*Stamps about the Room.*]

Wid. I leave you to cool upon it, Love and Anger are very warm Passions——

[*Exit.*]

L. Ha. She has lock'd us in——

L. Sb. Knapsack! Well, I will break Walls to go to him—I could sit down and cry my Eyes out! Dear Sister, what a Rage have I been in? Knapsack! I'll give vent

to

to my just Relentment—Oh how shall I avoid this base Woman, how meet that excellent Man! What an helpless Condition are you and I in now? If we run into the World, that Youth and Innocence which should demand Assistance, does but attract Invaders: Will Providence guard us? How do I see that our Sex is naturally indigent of Protection?—I hope it is in Fate to crown our Loves; for 'tis only in the Protection of Men of Honour, that we are naturally truly safe;

*And Woman's Happiness, for all her Scorn,
Is only by that Side whence she was born.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Lord Hardy, Campley and Trim.

Lord HARDY.

THAT Jade *Tattleaid* saw me upon the Stairs, for I had not Patience to keep my Concealment, but must peep out to see what was become of you.

Cum. But we have Advice however it seems from the Garrison already—this Mistress of *Trim's* is a mighty lucky Accident——

Trim. Ay, Gentlemen, she has free Egress and Regress, and you know the *French* are the best bred People in the World—she'll be assistant—But 'Faith, I have one Scruple that hangs about me—and that is—Look you, my Lord, we Servants have no Masters in their Absence—In a word, when I am with *Mademoiselle* I talk of your Lordship as only a particular Acquaintance, that I do Business indeed for you sometimes——I must needs say, cries I, that indeed my Lord *Hardy* is really a Person I have a great Honour for——

L. H.

L. H. Pish! Is that all? I understand you——your Mistress does not know that you do me the Honour to clean my Shoes or so, upon occasion—Prithee, *Will*, make your self as considerable as you please.

Trim. Well then, your Lesson is this—She, out of her Respect to me, and understanding Mr. *Campley* was an Intimate of my Friend my Lord *Hardy*, and condescending (tho' she is of a great House in *France*) to make Manto's for the Improvement of the *English*—which gives her easy Admittance—She, I say, mov'd by these Promises, has vouchsaf'd to bring a Letter from my Lady *Harriot* to Mr. *Campley*, and came to me to bring her to him. You are to understand also that she is dress'd in the latest *French* Cut. Her Dress is the Model of their Habit, and her self of their Manners——for she is——
But you shall see her— [Exit.]

Ld. H. This gives me some Life—Chear up, *Tom*—but behold the Solemnity—Do you see *Trim*'s Gallantry? I shall laugh out.

Enter TRIM leading in MADAMOISELLE.

Trim. My dear Lord *Hardy*, this is *Mademoiselle d'Epingle*, whose Name you've often heard me sigh——
[*Lord Hardy salutes her.*] Mr. *Campley*——*Mademoiselle d'Epingle*——[*Campley salutes her.*]

Mad. Votre Servante, Gentlemen, Votre Servante—

Cam. I protest to you, I never saw any thing so becoming as your Dress—shall I beg the Favour you'd condescend to let Mr. *Trim* lead you once round the Room, that I may admire the Elegance of your Habit——

[*Trim leads her round.*]

Ld. H. How could you ask such a thing?

Cam. 'Pshaw, my Lord you are a bashful *English* Fellow—You see she is not surpris'd at it, but thinks me gallant in desiring it—Oh, Madam! your Air!—The Negligence, the Disengagement of your Manner! O how delicate is your noble Nation—I swear there's none but the clumsy *Dutch and English* would oppose such polite Conquerors—When shall you see an *English* Woman so dress'd?

Mad.

Mad. De Englife! poor Barbarians, poor Savages, dey know no more of de Drefs but to cover dere Nakedness [*glides along the Room.*] Dey be cloded, but no drefs'd—But Monsieur *Trim*, which Monsieur *Campley*?

Trim. That's honest *Tom Campley*—

Cam. At your service, *Mademoiselle*—

Mad. I fear I incur the Censure, [*pulling out the Letter, and recollecting as loath to deliver it*] but Mr. *Terim* being your intimate Friend, and I designing to honour him in de Way of an Husband—So—so—how do I run away in Discourse—I never make Promise to Mr. *Terim* before, and now to do it par accident—

Cam. Dear *Will Trim* is extremely obliging in having prevail'd upon you, to do a thing, that the Severity of your Virtue, and the Greatness of your Quality, (tho' a Stranger in the Country you now honour by your dwelling in it,) would not let you otherwise condescend to—

Mad. Oh Monsieur! Oh Monsieur! you speak my very Thoughts—Oh! I don't know how! Pardon me to give a Billet—it so look—Oh fy! I can no stay after it— [*Drops it, runs affectedly to the other end of the Room, then quite out, re-enters*] I beg ten thousand Pardons for go away so mal-propos— [*Curtisies as going.*]

Ld. H. Your Servant, good Madam—Mr. *Trim*, you know you command here—pray, if Madam d'Epingle will honour our Cottage with longer stay, wait on her in, and entertain her—pray, Sir, be free—

Trim. My Lord, you know your power over me, I'm all Complaisance— [*Leads her out.*]

Cam. Now to my dear Epistle—

SIR

T Here is one thing which you were too generous to touch upon in our last Conversation--We have reason to fear the Widow's Practice in relation to our Fortunes, if you are not too quick for her—I ask Lady Sharlot whether this is not her Sense to Lord Hardy—She says nothing, but lets me write

write on—These People always have, and will have, Admittance every where, therefore we may hear from you.

I am, Sir,

Your most Obedient Servant,

HARRIOT LOVELY.

My Obedient Servant !

Thy Obedience shall ever be as voluntary as now—ten thousand thousand Kisses on thee—thou dear Paper—Look you, my Lord—what a pretty Hand it is ?

Ld. H. Why *Tom*, thou dost not give me Leave to see it—you snatch it to your Mouth so—you'll stifle the poor Lady—

Cam. Look you, my Lord, all along the Lines here went the Pen ; and through them white Intervals her snowy Fingers. Do you see, this is her Name—

Ld. H. Nay, there's Lady *Sbarlot's* Name too in the midst of the Letter—why, you'll not be so unconscionable—you're so greedy, you'll give me one Kiss sure—

Cam. Well, you shall, but you're so eager—don't bite me—for you shan't have it in your Hands—there, there, there—Let go my Hand—

Ld. H. What an exquisite Pleasure there is in this Foolery—But what shall we do ?

Cam. I have a thought ; prithee, my Lord, call *Trim*.

L. H. Ha, *Trim*.—

Cam. Hold, Mr. *Trim*,—you forget his Mistress is there.

Ld. H. Cra'mercy—Dear *Will Trim* step in hither.

Cam. Ay, that's something—

Enter TRIM.

Trim, have not I seen a young Woman sometimes carry Madam *d'Epingle's* Trinkets for her, coming from my Lady *Brumpton's*—

Trim. Yes, you might have seen such a one, she waits for her now—

Cam. Do you think you could not prevail for me to be dress'd in that Wench's Cloaths, and attend your Mistress in

in her stead thither? They'll not dream we should so soon attempt again——

Trim. Yes, I'll engage it——

Cam. Then we'll trust the rest to our good Genius, I'll about it instantly——*Harriot Lovely*——

[Exit kissing the Letter.

Enter Widow and TATTLEAID.

Wid. This was well done of you; be sure you take care of their young Ladyships; you shall, I promise you, have a snip in the Sale of 'em.

Tat. I thank your good Ladyship.

Wid. Is that the Porter's Paper of How-d'ye's?

Tat. Yes, Madam, he just sent it up—His general Answer is, that you're as well as can be expected in your Condition, but that you see no Body——

Wid. That's right—[reading Names.] Lady *Riggle*, Lady *Formal*—Oh! that *Riggle*, a pert Ogler—an indiscreet filly Thing, who is really known by no Man, yet for her Carriage justly thought common to all; and as *Formal* has only the Appearance of Virtue, so she has only the Appearance of Vice—What Chance, I wonder, put these Contradictions to each other into the same Coach, as you say they call'd—Mrs. *Francis*, and Mrs. *Winifrid Glebe*—who are they?

Tat. They are the Country great Fortunes, have been out of Town this whole Year; they are those whom your Ladyship said upon being very well born, took upon 'em to be very ill bred——

Wid. Did I say so? Really I think 'twas apt enough, now I remember 'em: Lady *Wrinkle*. Oh that snug old Woman! There's no enduring her Affectation of Youth, but I plague her; I always ask whether her Daughter in *Wiltshire* has a Grandchild yet or not—Lady *Worthy*—I can't bear her Company, she has so much of that Virtue in her Heart, which I have in my Mouth only. [Aside. Mrs. *After-day*—Oh that's she that was the great Beauty—the mighty toast about Town, that's just come out of the Small-Pox, she's horridly pitted they say; I long to see her and plague her with my Condolance—'Tis a pure ill-natur'd

tur'd Satisfaction to see one that was a Beauty unfortunately move with the same Langour, and Softness of Behaviour that once was charming in her—To see, I say, her mortify that us'd to kill—Ha, ha, ha! The rest are a Catalogue of mere Names or Titles they were born to, an insipid Crowd of the neither good nor bad—But you are sure these other Ladies suspect not in the least that I know of their coming—

Tat. No, dear Madam, they are to ask for me—

Wid. I hear a Coach—

[*Exit Tat.*

I've now an exquisite Pleasure in the Thoughts of surpassing my Lady *Sly*, who pretends to have outgriev'd the whole Town for her Husband—They are certainly coming—Oh no! here let me—Thus let me sit and think—

[*Widow on her Couch, while she is raving as to herself Tattleaid softly brings in the Ladies.*]

Wretched Disconsolate as I am! Oh welcome—welcome, dear killing Anguish—Oh that I could lie down and die in my present Heaviness—But what—how? Nay, my dear dear Lord—Why do you look so pale, so ghastly at me, Wottoo, Wottoo, fright thy own trembling shivering Wife—

Tat. Nay, good Madam, be comforted.

Wid. Thou shalt not have me—

[*Pushes Tat.*

Tat. Nay good Madam, 'tis I, 'tis I, your Ladyship's own Woman—'Tis I, Madam, that dress you and talk to you, and tell you all that's done in the House every Day; 'tis I—

Wid. Is it then possible? Is it then possible that I am left—speak to me not—hold me not—I'll break the list'ning Walls with my Complaints. [*Looks surpriz'd at seeing Company, then severely at Tattleaid.*] Ah Tattleaid—

1 *La.* Nay, Madam, be not angry at her, we would come in, in spite of her—We are your Friends, and are as concern'd as you—

Wid. Ah! Madam, Madam, Madam, Madam, I am an undone Woman—Oh me! Alas! Alas! Oh! Oh! [*All join in her Notes.*] I swoon, I expire. [*Faints,*

2 *La.* Pray, Mrs. Tattleaid, bring something that is Cordial to her.

[*Exit Tattleaid.*

3 *La.*

3 *La.* Indeed, Madam, you should have Patience, his Lordship was old. To dye is but going before in a Journey we must all take.

Enter TATTLETAID loaded with Bottles. 3d Lady takes a Bottle from her and drinks.

4 *La.* Lord! how my Lady *Fleer* drinks; I've heard indeed, but never could believe it of her. [*Drinks also.*

La. But, Madam, don't you hear what the Town says of the Jilt *Flirt*, the Men lik'd so much in the Park—Hark ye—was seen with him in an Hackney—Coach—and Silk Stockings—Key-hole—his Wig—on the Chair—

[*Whispers by Interruptions.*

2 *La.* Impudent *Flirt*, to be found out!

3 *La.* But I speak it only to you—

4 *La.* Nor I but to one more— [*Whispers next Wo.*

5 *La.* I can't believe it; nay, I always thought it, Madam—

[*Whispers the Widow.*

Wid. Sure 'tis impossible! The demure prim Thing—sure all the World's Hipocrisy—Well, I thank my Stars, whatsoever Sufferings I have, I've none in Reputation, I wonder at the Men, I could never think her handsome. She has really a good Shape and Complexion, but no Mein. And no Woman has the use of her Beauty without Mein. Her Charms are dumb, they want Utterance. But whither does Distraction lead me, to talk of Charms?

1 *La.* Charms? A Chit's, a Girl's Charms—Come, let us Widows be true to ourselves, keep our Countenances, and our Characters, and a Fig for the Maids, I mean for the unmarried.

2 *La.* Ay, since they will set up for our Knowledge, why should not we for their Ignorance?

3 *La.* But, Madam, o' Sunday Morning at Church I curtsied to you; and look'd at a great Fuss in a glaring light Dress next Pew. That strong masculine Thing is a Knight's Wife, pretends to all the Tenderness in the World! And would fain put the unweildy upon us for the soft, the languid! She has of a sudden lost her Dairy, and sets up for a fine Town Lady, calls her Maid *Sissy* her

her Woman, speaks to her by her Sirname, *Mrs. Cherryfist*, and her great Foot-Boy of Nineteen, big enough for a Trooper, is strip'd into a Lace Coat, now Mr. Page forsooth.

4 *La.* Oh! I have seen her—Well, I heartily pity some People for their Wealth, they might have been unknown else! You'd die, Madam, to see her and her Equipage—I thought the honest fat Tits, her Horses, were ashamed of their Finery; they drag'd on, as if they were still at the Plough, and a great bashful-look'd Booby behind, grasp'd the Coach as if he held one.

5 *La.* Alas! Some People think there's nothing but being fine to be genteel; but the high Prance of the Horses, and the brisk Insolence of the Servants in an Equipage of Quality, are inimitable, but to our own Beasts and Servants.

1 *La.* Now you talk of Equipage, I envy this Lady the Beauty she'll appear in in a mourning Coach, 'twill so become her Complexion; I confess I myself mourn'd two Years for no other Reason. Take up that Hood there; Oh! That fair Face with a Vail. [*They take up her Hoods.*]

Wid. Fy, fy, Ladies—But I've been told, indeed, Black does become—

2 *La.* Well, I'll take the Liberty to speak it, there's young *Nutbrain* has long had (I'll be sworn) a Passion for this Lady; but I'll tell you one thing, I fear she'll dislike, that is, he's younger than she is.

3 *La.* No, that's no Exception; but I'll tell you one, he's younger than his Brother.

Wid. Ladies, talk not of such Affairs: Who cou'd love such an unhappy Relict as I am? But, dear Madam, what Grounds have you for that idle Story?

4 *La.* Why he toasts you, and trembles when you're spoke off; it must be a Match.

Wid. Nay, nay, you rally, you rally: But I know you mean it kindly.

1 *La.* I swear we do. [*Tattleaid whispers the Widow.*]

Wid. But I must beseech you, Ladies, since you have been so compassionate, as to visit and accompany my Sorrow,

row, to give me the only Comfort I can now know, to see my Friends chearful, and to honour an Entertainment *Tattleaid* has prepared within for you : If I can find Strength enough I'll attend you ; but I wish you'd excuse me, for I've no Relish of Food or Joy, but will try to get a Bit down in my own Chamber.

All. No, no, you must go with us.

1 La. There's no Pleasure without you.

Wid. But, Madam, I must beg of your Ladyship not to be so importunate to my fresh Calamity, as to mention *Nutbrain* any more : I'm sure there's nothing in it : In Love with me, quoth a' !

[*Is helped off.*

[*Exeunt.*

Enter MADAMOISELLE, and CAMPLEY in Woman's Cloaths carrying her Things.

Mad. I very glad us be in de Ladies Antichamber ; I was sham'd of you. You you such an impudent Look : Besides me wonder you were not seized by the Constable, when you push'd de Man into de Kennel.

Cam. Why, shou'd I have let him kifs'd me ?

Mad. No : But if you had hit him wit Fan, and say, why sure Sawcy-box, it been enough ; beside what you hitted de Gentleman for offer kifs me.

Cam. I beg Pardon, I did not know you were pleas'd with it.

Mad. Please, no, but me rader be kisse, den you, Mr. *Terim*'s Friend, be found out. Could not you say when he kisse me, sure Sawcy-box dat's Meat for your Master. Besides you take such Strides when you walk—walk—Oh fy ! dese littil pette tiny Bits a Woman Steps.

[*Shewing her Steps.*

Cam. But prithee, *Madamoiselle*, why have you lost your *English* Tongue all of a sudden ; methought when the Fellow call'd us *French* Whores, as we came along, and said we came to starve their own People, you gave him pretty plain *English* ; he was a Dog, a Rascal, you'd send him to the Stocks—

Mad. Ha ! ha ! ha ! I was in a Passion and betray'd my self, but you're my Lover's Friend, and a Man of Honour,

D

therefore

therefore know you'll do nothing to injure us. Why, Mr. *Campley*, you must know I can speak as good *English* as you, but I don't, for fear of losing my Customers: The *English* will never give a Price for any thing they understand. Nay, I've known some of your Fools pretend to buy with good Breeding, and give any Rate rather than not be thought to have *French* enough to know what they were doing; strange and farfetch'd Things they only like: Don't you see how they swallow Gallons of the Juice of Tea, while their own Dock-leaves are trod under Foot. But Mum: My Lady *Harriot*.

Enter Lady Harriot.

Madam, vostre Servante, Servante—

L. Ha. Well *Mademoiselle*, did you deliver my Letter?

Mad. Oui—

L. Ha. Well and how—is that it in your Hand?

Mad. Oui—

L. Ha. Well then, why don't you give it me?

Mad. O fy! Lady, dat be so right *Engliffe*, de *Engliffe* mind only de Words of de Lovers, but de Words of de Lovers are often Lie, but de Action no Lie—

L. Ha. What does the thing mean? Give me my Letter—

Mad. Me did not deliver your Letter—

L. Ha. No.

Mad. No, me tell you, me did drop it, to see Mr. *Campley* how Cavalier to take it up. As dese me drop it so Monsieur run take it up—

[They both run to take it up, Mad. takes it.]

L. Ha. Will you give me my Letter or not?

Mad. Oui—But dus he do—Dere de Letter—very well, very well. O L'amour! You act de manner Mr. *Campley*—take it up better den I, do you no see it.

[They both run, Harriot gets it.]

L. Ha. Reads.

MADAM,

I Am glad you mention'd what indeed I did not at that Time think of; nor if I had, shou'd I have known how to have
spoken

*spoken of. But blefs me more than Fortune can, by turning
thefe fair Eyes upon, Madam,*

Your moft Faithful,

Moft Obedient Humble Servant,

THO. CAMPLEY.

What does he mean? But blefs me more—by turning—
Oh 'tis he himfelf—[*Looking about obferves Cam. fmile.*]
Oh the Hoiden—the Romp—I did not think any thing
could add to your native Confidence, but you look fo
very bold in that Drefs—and your Arms will fall off—
and your Petticoats how they hang?

Cam. Madamoifelle, Voulez vous de *Salville L'eau D'
Hongrie.* Chez Monfieur Marchand de *Montpelier*—
Dis for your Teet, [*fhewing his Trinkets*] De Effence, a
little Book French for teach de elder Broders make Com-
pliments. Will you, I fay, have any thing that I have,
will you have all I have?—Madam.

L. Ha. Yes, and for the Humour's Sake, will never
part with this Box, while I live, ha! ha! ha!

Cam. But, Lady *Harriot*, we muft not ftand laughing;
as you obferve in your Letter, Delays are dangerous in
this wicked Woman's Cufthody of you—therefore I muft,
Madam, befeech you, and pray ftay not on Niceties, but
be advis'd.

L. Ha. Mr. *Campley*, I have no Will but yours.

Cam. Thou dear Creature—but [*Kiffes her Hand*]
Harkee then you muft change Dreffes with *Madamoifelle*,
and go with me instantly.

L. Ha. What you please—

Cam. Madam *D'Epingle*, I muft defire you to comply
with a Humour of Gallantry of ours, you may be fure I'll
have an Eye over the Treatment you have upon my Ac-
count, only to change Habits with Lady *Harriot*, and
let her go, while you ftay.

Mad. Wit all my Heart.

[*Offers to undrefs herfelf*

L. Ha. What, before Mr. *Campley*?

Mad. Oh, oh very *Anglaise*! Dat is so *Engliffe*! All Women of Quality in *France* are dress and undress by a Valet de Chambre, de Man Chamber-maid help Complexion, better den de Woman. [Apart to Har.

L. Ha. Nay, that's a Secret in Dress, *Mademoiselle*, I never knew before, and am so unpolish'd an *Engliff* Woman as to resolve never to learn ev'n to dress before my Husband. Oh! Indecency!—Mr. *Campley*, do you hear what *Mademoiselle* says—

Mad. Oh! Hift.—Bagatelle.

L. Ha. Well, we'll run in and be ready in an Instant.

[Exeunt *L. Harriot* and *Mademoiselle*.

Cam. Well, I like her every Minute better and better. What a delicate Chastity she has! There's something so gross in the Carriage of some Wives (tho' they're honest too) that they lose their Husbands Hearts for Faults, which if they have either good Nature, or good Breeding, they know not how to tell 'em of. But how happy am I in such a Friend as *Hardy*, such a Mistress as *Harriot*!

*Continue Heav'n, a grateful Heart to bless
With Faith in Friendship, and in Love Success.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Widow and Trusty.

WIDOW.

MR. *Trusty*, you have, I do assure you, the same Place and Power, in the Management of my Lord *Brumpton*'s Estate, as in his Life-time. (I am reduc'd to a Necessity of trusting him) [*aside.*] However *Tattleaid* dissembles the Matter, she must be privy to Lady *Harriot*'s Escape, and *Fardingale*'s as deep with 'em both, and I fear

fear will be their Ruin, which 'tis my Care and Duty to prevent. Be vigilant, and you shall be rewarded. I shall employ you wholly in Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs, she is able to pay Services done for her. You've Sense, and understand me.

[Exit Widow.]

Tru. Yes, I do indeed understand you, and could wish another could with as much Detestation as I do ; but my poor old Lord is so strangely, so bewitchedly enamour'd of her, that ev'n after this Discovery of her Wickedness, I see he could be reconcil'd to her ; and tho' he is ashamed to confess to me, I know he longs to speak with her. If I tell Lord *Hardy* all to make his Fortune, he would not let his Father be dishonour'd by a publick Way of Separation. If things are acted privately, I know she'll throw us all ; there's no Middle-way, I must expose her to make a Reunion impracticable : Alas, how is honest Truth banish'd the World, when we must watch the Seasons and soft Avenues to Men's Hearts, to gain it Entrance ev'n for their own Good and Interest !

[Exit.]

Enter Lord *HARDY*, *CAMPLEY*, and *TRIM*.

Ld. H. I forgot my own Misfortune, dear *Campley*, when I reflect on your Success.

Cam. I assure you, it moderates the Swell of Joy that I am in, to think of your Difficulties. I hope my Felicity is previous to yours ; my Lady *Harriot* gives her Service to you, and we both think it but decent to suspend our Marriage, 'till your and Lady *Sharlot's* Affairs are in the same Posture.

Ld. H. Where is my Lady ?

Cam. She's at my Aunt's, my Lord. But, my Lord, if you don't interpose, I don't know how I shall adjust Matters with Mr. *Trim*, for leaving his Mistress behind me, I fear he'll demand Satisfaction of me.

Trim. No, Sir ; alas, I can know no Satisfaction while she is in Jeopardy. Therefore would rather be put in a Way to recover her by storming the Castle, or other Feat of Arms, like a true enamour'd Swain as I am.

Cam. Since we are all three then expecting Lovers, my Lord, prithee, let's have that Song of yours which suits our common Purpose.

Ld. H. Call in the Boy.

Boy sings.

*Ye Minutes bring the happy Hour,
And CHLOE blushing to the Bower :
Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more :
Both, CHLOE, fix'd for e'er on thee,
For thou art all thy Sex to me.*

II.

*A Guilty is a false Embrace :
CORINNA's Love's a Fairy-Chace :
Begone thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
And all that can't survive Desire.
CHLOE my Reason moves and Aw,
And CUPID shot me, when he saw.*

Trim. Look you, Gentleman, since as you are pleas'd to say we're all Lovers, and consequently Poets, pray do me the Honour to hear a little Air of mine : You must know then, I once had the Misfortune to fall in love below myself, but Things went hard with us at that Time, so that, my Passion, or as I may poetically speak, my Fire was in the Kitchen : 'Twas towards a Cook-maid ; but before I ever saw Mrs. *Deborah*.

Ld. H. Come on then, *Trim*, let's have it.

Trim. I must run into next Room for a Lute. [*Exit.*

Cam. This must be diverting ! Can the Rogue play ?

Re-enter TRIM, with a Pair of Tongs.

Trim. Dear *Cynderaxa* herself very well understood this Instrument, I therefore always sung this Song to it, as thus.

I.

*CYNDERAXA kind and good,
Has all my Heart and Stomach too ;
She makes me love, not hate, my Food,
As other peevish Wenches do.*

II.

II.

*When VENUS leaves her VULCAN's Cell,
Which all but I a Co'e-hole call;
Fly, fly, ye that above Stairs dwell,
Her Face is wash'd, ye vanish all.*

III.

*And as she's fair, she can impart
That Beauty, to make all things fine;
Brightens the Floor with wondrous Art,
And at her Touch the Dishes shine.*

Ld. H. I protest, *Will*, thou art a Poet indeed, *And*
at her Touch the Dishes shine—And you touch your
Lute as finely.

Enter Boy.

Boy. There's one *Mr. Trusty* below would speak with
my Lord.

Ld. H. *Mr. Trusty*? My Father's Steward? What
can he have to say to me?

Cam. He's very honest, to my Knowledge.

Ld. H. I remember indeed when I was turn'd out of
the House, he follow'd me to the Gate, and wept over
me, for which I've heard he'd like to have lost his
Place. But however I must advise with you a little, a-
bout my Behaviour to him; let's in. *Boy*, bring him up
hither, tell him I'll wait on him presently. [*Exit Boy.*
I shall want you, I believe, here, *Trim.* [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter Boy and TRUSTY.

Boy. My Lord will wait on you here immediately.

[*Exit Boy.*

Tru. 'Tis very well—these Lodgings are but homely
for the Earl of *Brumpton*—Oh that damn'd Strumpet—
that I should ever know my Master's Wife for such—
How many thousand things does my Head run back to?
After my poor Father's Death the good Lord took me,
because he was a Captain in his Regiment, and gave me
Education. I was, I think, Three and Twenty when

this young Lord within was christened ; what a do there wat about calling him *Francis* ? [*wipes his Eyes.*] These are but poor Lodgings for him. I cannot bear the Joy to think that I shall save the Family, from which I've had my Bread.

Enter TRIM.

Trim. Sir, my Lord will wait you immediately.

Tru. Sir, 'tis my Duty to wait him—[*as Trim is going*] But Sir, are not you the young Man that attended him at *Christ-Church* in *Oxford*, and have follow'd him ever since ?

Trim. Yes, Sir, I am.

Tru. Nay, Sir, no Harm, but you'll thrive the better for it.

Trim. I like this old Fellow, I smell more Money.

[*Aside, Exit.*]

Tru. I think its now Eight Years since I saw him, he was not then Nineteen, when I follow'd him to the Gate, and gave him fifty Guineas which I pretended his Father sent after him.

Enter Lord HARDY.

Ld. H. Mr. *Trusty*, I'm very glad to see you ; you look very hale and jolly ; you wear well—I'm glad to see it—but your Commands to me, Mr. *Trusty*.

Tru. Why, my Lord, I presume to wait on your Lordship ; my Lord, you're strangely grown ; you're your Father's very Picture ; you're he, my Lord : You are the very Man that look'd so pleas'd, to see me look so fine in my lac'd Livery, to go to Court. I was his Page when he was just such another as you. He kiss'd me afore a great many Lords, and said I was a brave Man's Son that taught him to Exercise his Arms. I remember he carry'd me to the great Window, and bid me be sure to keep in your Mother's Sight in all my Finery. . She was the finest young Creature, the Maids of Honour hated to see her at Court. My Lord then courted my good Lady : She was as kind to me on her Death Bed, she said to me, Mr. *Trusty* take care of my Lord's second Marriage for that Child's Sake : She pointed as well as she could to you ; you fell a crying,
and

and said she should not die ; but she did, my Lord ; she left the World, and no one like her in't. Forgive me my honour'd Master, [*Weeps, runs to my Lord, and hugs him*] I've often carry'd you in these Arms that grasp you, they were stronger then, but if I die to-morrow you're worth five thousand Pounds by my Gift, 'tis what I've got in the Family, and I return it to you with Thanks—But alas, do I live to see you want it ?

Ld. H. You confound me with all this Tenderness and Generosity.

Tru. I'll trouble you no longer, my Lord——But——

Ld. H. Call it not a Trouble ; for——

Tru. My good Lord, I will not, I say, indulge my self in talking fond Tales that melt me, and interrupt my Story : My Business to your Lordship, in one Word is this ; I am in good Confidence at present with my Lady Dowager, and I know she has some Fears upon her, which depend upon the Nature of the Settlement to your Disfavour ; and under the Rose—Be yourself—I fear your Father has not had fair Play for his Life ; be compos'd, my Lord, what is to be done is this ; we'll not apply to publick Justice in this Case, 'till we see farther ; 'twill make it noisy, which we must not do, if I might advise. You shall, with a Detachment of your Company, seize the Corps as it goes out of the House this Evening to be interr'd in the Country, 'twill only look like taking the Administration upon yourself, and commencing a Suit for the Estate ; she has put off the lying in State, and Lady Harriot's Escape with Mr. Campley makes her fear he will prove a powerful Friend, both to the young Lady's and your Lordship. She cannot with Decency be so busy, as when the Corps is out of the House, therefore hastens it. I know your whole Affair, leave the Care of Lady Sbarlot to me, I'll pre-acquaint her, that she mayn't be frightned, and dispose of her safely to observe the Issue.

Ld. H. I wholly understand you, it shall be done.

Tru. I am sure I am wanted this Moment for your Interest at home. This Ring shall be the Pass-port of Intelligence,

Intelligence, for whom you send to assault us, and the Remittance of it seal'd with this, shall be authentick from within the House.

L. H. 'Tis very well.

Tru. Hope all you can wish, my Lord, from a certain Secret relating to the Estate, which I'll acquaint you with next Time I see you. [Exit.]

Ld. H. Your Servant—This Fellow's strangely honest—Ha! *Will.*

Enter CAMPLEY and WILL.

Will, don't the Recruits wait for me to see 'em at their Parade before this House?

Trim. Yes, and have waited these three Hours.

L. H. Go to 'em, I'll be there myself immediately, we must attack with 'em, if the Rogues are sturdy, this very Evening.

Trim. I guess where—I'm overjoy'd at it. I'll warrant you they do it, if I command in Chief.

L. H. I design you shall, [Trim runs out jumping.]

Cam. You seem, my Lord, to be in deep Meditation.

Ld. H. I am so, but not on any thing that you may not be acquainted with. [Exeunt.]

*Enter TRIM with a Company of ragged Fellows,
with a Cane.*

1 Sol. Why then I find, Mr. *Trim*, we shall come to Blows before we see the *French*——

Trim. Harkee, Friend, 'tis not your Affair to guess or enquire what you are going to do, 'tis only for us Commanders——

2 Sol. The *French*, Pox, they are but a Company of scratching civet Cats——They fight!

Trim. Harkee, don't bluster——were not you a little mistaken in your Facings at *Steinkirk*?——

2 Sol. I grant it; you know I have an Antipathy to the *French*——I hate to see the Dogs——Look you here, Gentlemen, I was shot quite through the Body——Look you.

Trim. Prithee, Look where it enter'd at your Back:

2 Sol.

2 *Sol.* Look you, Mr. *Trim*, you will have your Joke, we know you are a Wit——But what's that to a fighting Man?

Enter KATE.

Kate. Mr. *Trim*——Mr. *Trim*——

Trim. Things are not as they have been, Mrs. *Kate*, I now pay the Company——And we that pay Money expect a little more Ceremony——

Kate. Will your Honour please to taste some right French Brandy?——

Trim. Art thou sure, good Woman, 'tis right, [*Drinks*] How——French——pray——nay, if I find you deceive me, who pay the Men—— [*Drinks.*]

Kate. Pray, good Master, have you spoke to my Lord about me?

Trim. I have, but you shall speak to him yourself——Thou hast been a true Campaigner, *Kate*, and we must not neglect thee——Do you sell grey Pease yet of an Evening——Mrs. *Matchlock*—— [*Drinks again.*]

Kate. Any thing to turn the Penny, but I got more by crying Pamphlets this Year, than by any thing I have done a great while——Now I am married into the Company again, I design to cross the Seas next Year. But, Master, my Husband, a *Temple* Porter, and a Parliament Man's Footman, last Night by their Talk made me think there was Danger of a Peace, why they said all the prime People were against a War.

Trim. No, no, *Kate*, never fear, you know I keep great Company, all Men are for a War; but some would have it abroad, and some would have it at home in their own Country.

Kate. Ay, say you so, drink about Gentlemen, not a Farthing to pay; a War is a War; be it where it will——But pray, Mr. *Trim*, speak to my Lord, that when these Gentlemen have Shirts I may wash for 'em.

Trim. I tell you, if you behave well to Night, you shall have a Fortnight's Pay each Man, as a Reward; but there's none of you industrious, there's a thousand things you might do to help out about this Town—as to cry——

cry—Puff—Puff—Pyes. Have you any Knives or Scissors to grind—or late in an Evening, whip from *Grubstreet* strange and bloody News from *Flanders*—Votes from the House of Commons—Buns, rare Buns—old Silver Lace, Cloaks, Sutes or Coats—old Shoes, Boots or Hats—But here, here, here's my Lord a coming—Here's the Captain, fall back into the Rank—There move up in the Center.

Enter Lord HARDY and CAMPLEY.

L. H. Let me see whether my ragged Friends are ready and about me.

Kate. Ensign *Campley*, Ensign *Campley*, I am overjoy'd to see your Honour, ha' the World's surely alter'd, ha'.

Cam. 'Tis so 'faith, *Kate*, why thou art true to the Cause, with the Company still, honest *Amazon*.

Kate. Dear Soul, not a bit of Pride in him; but won't your Honour help in my Business with my Lord, speak for me, noble Ensign do.

Cam. Speak to him yourself, I'll second you.

Kate. Noble Captain, my Lord, I suppose Mr. *Trim* has told your Honour about my Petition, I have been a great Sufferer in the Service; 'tis hard for a poor Woman to lose nine Husbands in a War, and no Notice taken; nay, three of them, alas, in the same Campaign, here the Woman stands that says it, I never strip'd a Man 'till I first try'd if he could stand on his Legs, and if not, I think 'twas fair Plunder, except our Adjutant, and he was a Puppy that made my eighth Husband run the Gauntlet for not turning his Toes out.

L. H. Well, we'll consider thee *Kate*, but fall back into the Rear. A Roll of what? Gentlemen Soldiers.

Trim. to Pumpkin.] Do you hear that? My Lord himself can't deny but we are all Gentlemen as much as his Honour—

Ld. H. reading.] Gentlemen Soldiers quarter'd in and about *Guy-Court* in *Vinegar-Yard*, in *Russel-Court* in *Drury-lane*, belonging to the Honourable Captain *Hardy's* Company of Foot—So, answer to your Names, and march off from the Left—*John Horsem* Corporal. March easy, that

that I may view you as you pass by me : Drums. *Simon Russe. Darby Tatoo*—There's a Shilling for you—*Tatoo* be always so right : How does he keep himself so clean ?

Trim. Sir, he is a Tragedy-drum to one of the Play-houses.

Ld. H. Private Gentlemen——*Alexander Corwitch, Humphrey Mundungus, William Faggot, Nicholas Scab, Timothy Megrim, Philip Scratch, Nehemiah Dust, Humphrey Garbage, Nathaniel Matchlock.*

Gam. What, is *Matchlock* come back to the Company ? That's the Fellow that brought me off at *Steinkirk*.

Ld. H. No, Sir, 'tis I am oblig'd to him for that ; [*Offering to give him Money*] there Friend ; you shall want for nothing, I'll give thee a Halbert too.

Kate. O brave me ! Shall I be a Serjeant's Lady— I'faith I'll make the Drums and the Corporal's Wives and Company-keepers know their Distance.

Cam. How far out of the Country did you come to List, don't you come from *Cornwall*, how did you bear your Charges ?

Match. I was whipt from Constable to Constable—

Trim. Ay, my Lord, that's due by the Courtesy of *England* to all that want in red Coats ; besides, there's an Act that makes us free of all Corporations, and that's the Ceremony of it.

Cam. But what Pretence had they for using you so ill, you did not pilfer ?

Match. I was found guilty of being poor.

Cam. Poor Devil !

Ld. H. Timothy Ragg—Oh *Ragg* ! I thought when I gave you your Discharge, just afore the Peace, we should never have had you again, how came you to list now ?

Ragg. To pull down the *French King*.

Ld. H. Bravely resolv'd——But pull your Shirt into your Breeches, in the mean time——*Jeoffrey Tatter*——What's become of the Skirts and Buttons of your Coat ?

Tatter. In our last cloathing in the Regiment I serv'd in afore, the Colonel had one Skirt before, the Agent one behind, and every Captain of the Regiment a Button.

Ld. H. Hush, you Rogue, you talk Mutiny. [*Smiling.*
Trim.

Trim. Ay Sirrah, what have you to do with more Knowledge than that of your right Hand from your left?

[*Hits him a Blow on the Head.*]

Ld. H. Hugh Clump—*Clump*, thou growest a little too heavy for marching.

Trim. Ay, my Lord, but if we don't allow him the Pay he'll starve, for he's too lame to get into the Hospital.

Ld. H. Richard Bumpkin: Ha! A perfect Country Hick—How came you, Friend, to be a Soldier?

Bump. An't please your Honour, I have been cross'd in Love, and am willing to seek my Fortune.

Ld. H. Well I've seen enough of 'em, if you mind your Affair, and act like a wise General these Fellows may do—come take your Orders. [*Trim puts his Hat on his Stick, while my Lord is giving him the Ring and whispers Orders*]—Well, Gentlemen, do your Business manfully, and nothing shall be too good for you.

All. Bless your Honour. [*Exeunt Har. and Campley.*]

Trim. Now, my brave Friends and Fellow-Soldiers—[*Aside.*] I must Fellow-Soldier 'em just afore a Battle, like a true Officer, tho' I cane 'em all the Year round beside—[*Strutting about*] Major General *Trim*, no, Pox, *Trim* sounds so very short and priggish—that my Name should be a Monosyllable! But the foreign News will write me, I suppose, Monsieur or Chevalier *Trimont*, Seigneur *Trimoni*, or Count *Trimuntz* in the German I shall perhaps be call'd; ay, that's all the Plague and Comfort of us great Men, they do so tofs our Names about—But Gentlemen, you are now under my Command—Huzza! Thrice—Faith, this is very pleasing this Grandeur! Why, after all, 'tis upon the Neck of such Scoundrels as these Gentlemen, that we great Captains build our Renown—A Million or two of these Fellows make an *Alexander*, and as that my Predecessor said in the Tragedy of him on the very same Occasion, going to storm for his *Statira*, so do I for my dear Semistress, Madam d'Epingle.

*When I rush on, sure none will dare to stay;
'Tis Beauty calls, and Glory leads the Way.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Trusty and Lord Brumpton.

TRUSTY.

SHE knows no Moderation in her good Fortune ; she has, out of Impatience to see herself in her Weeds, order'd her Mantua Woman to stitch up any thing immediately——You may hear her and *Tattleaid* laugh aloud——she is so wantonly merry.

Ld. B. But this of Lady *Sharlot* is the very utmost of all Ill——Pray read——But I must fit——My late Fit of the Gout makes me act with Pain and Constraint——Let me see——

Tru. She writ it by the Page who brought it me, as I had wheedled him to do all their Passages.

Ld. B. [*reads*] “ You must watch the Occasion of the
“ Servants being gone out of the House with the Corps,
“ *Tattleaid* shall conduct you to my Lady *Sharlot*'s Apartment——away with her——and besure you bed her——

“ *Your affectionate Sister, Mary Brumpton.* ”

Brumpton ? The Creature——She call'd as *Frank*'s Mother was ? *Brumpton !* The Succuba ! What a Devil Incarnate have I had in my Bosom ? Why the common abandon'd Town Women would scruple such an Action as this——Tho' they have lost all Regard to their own Chastity, they would be tender of another's——Why sure she had no Infancy——She never had Virginity, to have no Compassion through Memory of her own former Innocence——This is to forget her very Humanity——her very Sex——Where is my poor Boy ? Where's *Frank* ? Does not he want ! How has he liv'd all this time——Not a Servant, I warrant, to attend him——What Company can he keep ? What can he say of his Father ?

Tru. Tho' you made him not your Heir, he is still your Son——and has all the Duty and Tenderness in the World, for your Memory——

Ld. B. It is impossible, *Trusty*, it is impossible——I will not rack myself with the Thought, that one I have injured

jur'd can be so very good—Keep me in Countenance—tell me he hates my very Name—wou'd not assume my Title, because he descends from me—What's his Company?

Tru. Young *Tom Campley*; they are never afunder.

Ld. B. I am glad he has my pretty *Tattler*—the chearful Innocent—*Harriot*—I hope he'll be good to her—he's good natur'd and well-bred—

Tru. But, my Lord, she was very punctual in ordering the Funeral—she bid *Sable* be sure to lay you deep enough—she had heard such Stories of the wicked Sextons taking up People—but I wish, my Lord, you would please to hear her and *Tattleaid* once more—

Ld. B. I know to what thy Zeal tends—but I tell you, since you cannot be convinc'd but that I have still a Softness for her—I say tho' I had so, it should never make me transgress [that scrupulous Honour that becomes a Peer of *England*—if I could forget Injuries done myself thus gross—I never will those done my Friends—You knew *Sbarlot's* worthy Father—No—there's no need of my seeing more of this Woman—I behold her now with the same Eyes that you do—there's a Meanness in all she says or does—she has a great Wit, but a little Mind—something ever wanting to make her appear my Lady *Brumpton*—she has nothing natively great—you see I love her not—I talk with Judgment of her—

Tru. I see it, my good Lord, with Joy I see it—nor care how few things I see more in this World—my Satisfaction is compleat—welcome old Age—welcome Decay—'tis not Decay, but Growth to a latter Being.

[*Exit, leading Ld. B.*

Re-enter TRUSTY meeting CABINET.

Tru. I have your Letter, Mr. *Cabinet*.

Cab. I hope, Sir, you'll believe it was not in my Nature to be guilty of so much Baseness; but being born a Gentleman, and bred out of all Roads of Industry in that idle Manner too many are, I soon spent a small Patrimony; and being debauch'd by Luxury, I fell into
the

the narrow Mind to dread no Infamy like Poverty—which made me guilty, as that Paper tells you—and had I not writ to you, I am sure I never could have told you of it.

Tru. It is an ingenious, pious Penitence in you—my Lord *Hardy*—(to whom this Secret is inestimable) is a noble-natur'd Man—and you shall find him such—I give you my Word—

Cab. I know, Sir, your Integrity—

Tru. But pray be there—all that you have to do is to ask for the Gentlewoman at the House at my Lord *Hardy's*—she'll take Care of you—And pray have Patience, where she places you, 'till you see me—[*Exit Cab.*] My Lord *Hardy's* being an House where they receive Lodgers, has allow'd me Convenience to place every Body I think necessary to be by at her Discovery—This prodigious welcome Secret! I see however impracticable honest Actions may appear, we may go on with just Hope.

*All that is ours, 'is to be justly bent,
And Heav'n in its own Cause will blest th' Event.* [Exit.]

Enter TRIM and his Party.

Trim. March up, March up—Now we are near the Citadel—and I halt only to give the necessary Orders for the Engagement—Ha! *Clump, Clump*,—When we come to Lord *Brumpton's* Door, and you see us conveniently dispos'd about the House—you are to wait 'till you see a Corps brought out of the House—then to go up to him you observe the Director, and ask him importunately for an Alms to a poor Soldier—for which you may be sure you shall have a good Blow or two—but if you have not, be sawcy, 'till you have—Then when you see a File of Men got between the House and the Body—A File of Men, *Bumpkin*, is six Men—I say, when you see the File in such a Posture, that half the File may face to the House, half to the Body—you are to fall down, crying Murder, that the half File fac'd to the Body may throw

it and themselves over you—I then march to your Rescue—Then, *Swagger*, you and your Party fall in to secure my Rear, while I march off with the Body—These are the Orders—and this, with a little Improvement of my own, is the same Disposition *Villeroy* and *Catinat* made at *Chiari*.

[*Marches off with his Party.*

Enter WIDOW in deep Mourning, with a dead Squirrel on her Arm, and TATTLEAID.

Wid. It must be so—It must be your Carelessness—What had the Page to do in my Bed-chamber?

Tat. Indeed, Madam, I can't tell—But I came in and catch'd him wringing round his Neck---

Wid. Tell the Rascal from me—he shall romp with the Footmen no more—No—I'll send the Rogue in a Frock to learn *Latin* among the dirty Boys that come to good—I will—But 'tis ever so among these Creatures that live on one's superfluous Affections; a Lady's Woman, Page and Squirrel are always Rivals.

Poor harmless Animal—Pretty ev'n in Death:

Death might have over-look'd thy little Life—

How could'st thou, *Robin*, leave thy Nuts and me?

How was't, import'nate Dearest, thou should'st die?

Thou never did'st invade thy Neighbour's Soil:

Never mad'st War with specious Shews of Peace:

Thou never hast depopulated Regions,

But chearfully didst bear thy little Chain,

Content—So I but fed thee with this Hand.

Tat. Alas, Alas! We are all mortal: Consider, Madam, my Lord's dead too. [Weeps.

Wid. Ay, But our Animal Friends do wholly die; an Husband or Relation, after Death, is rewarded or tormented—That's some Consolation—I know her Tears are false, for she hated *Robin* always—[aside.]—But she's a well-bred dishonest Servant, that never speaks a painful Truth—But I'll resolve to conquer my Affliction—Never speak more of *Robin*—Hide him there—But to my Dress—How soberly magnificent is Black—

And

And the Train—I wonder how Widows came to wear such long Tails!

Tat. Why, Madam, the stateliest of all Creatures has the longest Tail, the Peacock, nay, that of all Creatures the finest Mein too—except your Ladyship, who are a Phenix——

Wid. Ho! Brave *Tattlesaid*—But did not you observe what a whining my Lady *Sly* made, when she had drank a little? Did you believe her? Do you think there are really People sorry for their Husbands?

Tat. Really, Madam, some Men do leave their Fortunes in such Distraction, that I believe it may be—

[Speaks with Pins in her Mouth.]

Wid. But I swear I wonder how it came up to dress us thus—I protest, when all my Equipage is ready, and I move in full Pageantry, I shall fancy my self an Embassadress from the Common-wealth of Women, the distressed State of *Amazonia*—to treat for Men—But I protest I wonder how two of us thus clad can meet with a grave Face—Methinks they should laugh out like two Fortune-tellers, or two opponent Lawyers that know each other for Cheats——

Tat. Ha! ha! ha! I swear to you, Madam, your Ladyship's Wit will choak me one time or other—I had like to have swallowed all the Pins in my Mouth—

Wid. But, *Tatty*, to keep House six Weeks, that's another barbarous Custom; but the Reason of it, I suppose, was that the base People should not see People of Quality may be as afflicted as themselves——

Tat. No, 'tis because they should not see 'em as merry as themselves.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! Hussy, you never said that you spoke last—why 'tis just—'tis Satyr—I'm sure you saw it in my Face, that I was going to say it——'twas too good for you—Come, lay down that Sentence and the Pin-cushion, and pin up my Shoulder—Harkee, Hussy, if you shou'd, as I hope you won't, out-live me, take care I an't buried in Flannel, 'twould never become me I'm sure—That they can be as merry: Well, I'll tell,

my new Acquaintance—What's her Name—She that reads so much, and writes Verses—Her Husband was deaf the first Quarter of a Year—I forgot her Name—That Expresssion she'll like—Well, that Woman does divert me strangely—I'll be very great with her—She talk'd very learnedly of the Ridicule, 'till she was ridiculous—then she spoke of the Decent—of the Agreeable—of the Insensible—she designs to print the Discourse—But of all things I like her Notion of the Insensible.

Tat. Pray Madam, how was that?

Wid. A most useful Discourse to be inculcated in our Teens—the Purpose of it is to disguise our Apprehension in this ill-bred Generation of Men, who speak before Women what they ought not to hear—As now, suppose you were a Spark in my Company, and you spoke some double Entendre—I look thus! But be a Fellow, and you shall see how I'll use you—The Insensible is useful upon any Occasion, where we seemingly neglect, and secretly approve, which is our ordinary common Case—Now suppose a Coxcomb dancing, prating and playing his Tricks before me to move me—without Pleasure or Distaste in my Countenance I look at him—just thus—but—Ha! ha! ha! I have found out a Supplement to this Notion of the Insensible, for my own Use, which is infallible, and that is to have always in my Head all that they can say or do to me—so never be surpriz'd with Laughter, the Occasion of which is always sudden—

Tat. Oh, my Lady *Brumpton* [*Tattleaid bows and cringes.*] my Lady—your most obedient Servant—

Wid. Look you, Wench, you see by the Art of Insensibility I put you out of Countenance, tho' you were prepar'd for an ill Reception—

Tat. Oh! Madam—how justly are you form'd for what is now fall'n to you, the Empire of Mankind—

Wid. O Sir—that's put me out of all my Insensibility at once—that was so gallant—Ha; what Noise is that—that Noise of Fighting—Run, I say—Whither are you going—What, are you mad—Will you leave

me

me alone—Can't you stir—What you can't take your Message with you—Whatever it is, I suppose you are not in the Plot; not you——Not that now they're breaking open my House for *Sharlot*—Not you—Go see what's the matter I say, I have no Body I can trust——One [*Exit Tattleaid*] Minute I think this Wench honest, and the next false——Whither shall I turn me!

Tat. Madam—Madam.

[*Re-entring.*]

Wid. Madam, Madam! Will you swallow me gaping—

Tat. Pray, good my Lady, be not so out of Humour—But there is a Company of Rogues have set upon our Servants and the Burial Man's, while others ran away with the Corps——

Wid. How! What can this mean? What can they do with it——Well 'twill save the Charges of Interment—But to what End?

Enter TRUSTY, and a Servant bloody and dirty, haling in CLUMP and BUMPKIN.

Ser. I'll teach you better Manners—I'll poor Soldier you——You Dog you, I will——Madam, here are two of the Rascals that were in the Gang of Rogues that carried away the Corps——

Wid. We'll examine 'em apart—Well, Sirrah, what are you? Whence came you? What's your Name? Sirrah.

[*Clump makes Signs as a dumb Man.*]

Ser. O you Dog, you could speak loud enough just now, Sirrah, when your Brother Rogues maul'd Mr. *Sable*—We'll make you speak, Sirrah——

Wid. Bring the other Fellow hither—I suppose you will own you knew that Man before you saw him at my Door?

Clump. I think I have seen the Gentleman's Face.

[*Bowing to Bumpkin.*]

Wid. The Gentleman's! The Villain mocks me—But, Friend, you look like an honest Man; what are you? Whence come you? What are you, Friend?

Bump. I se at present but a private Gentleman, but I was list'd to be a Serjeant in my Lord *Hardy's* Company—I se not asham'd of my Name, nor of my Koptin—

Wid. Leave the Room all——

[*Exeunt all but Trusty and Tattleaid.*]

Mr. Trusty,—Lord *Hardy!* O that impious young Man—thus, with the sacrilegious Hands of Ruffians to divert his Father's Ashes from their Urn and rest—I suspect this Fellow [*aside.*] *Mr. Trusty,* I must desire you to be still near me—I'll know the Bottom of this, and to Lord *Hardy's* Lodgings as I am, instantly—'Tis but the Backside of this Street, I think—I let a Coach be call'd—*Tattleaid,* as soon as I am gone——conduct my Brother and his Friends to Lady *Sbarlot*, away with her—bring *Madamoiselle* away to me—that she may not be a Witness—Come, good *Mr. Trusty.*

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord HARDY leading HARRIOT ; CAMPLEY and TRIM.

L. Ha. Why then I find this *Mr. Trim* is a perfect General—But I'll assure you, Sir, I'll never allow you an Hero, who could leave your Mistress behind you ; you should have broke the House down, but you should have brought *Madamoiselle* with you——

Trim. No really, Madam, I have seen such strange Fears come into the Mens Heads, and such strange Resolutions into the Womens, upon the occasion of Ladies following a Camp, that I thought it more discreet to leave her behind me—my Success will naturally touch her as much as if she were here——

L. Ha. A good intelligent arch Fellow this. [*aside*] But were not you saying, my Lord, you believ'd Lady *Brumpton* would follow hither--if so, pray let me be gone--

Ld. H. No, Madam ; I must beseech your Ladyship to stay, for there are things alledg'd against her which you, who have liv'd in the Family, may perhaps, give light unto, and which I can't believe even she could be guilty of.

L. Ha. Nay, my Lord, that's generous to a Folly, for ever for her Usage of you (without regard to my self) I am ready to believe she would do any thing that can come in to the Head of a close, malicious, cruel, designing Woman--

Enter

Enter Boy.

Boy. My Lady Brumpton's below——

L. Ha. I'll run then——

Cam. No, no, stand your Ground: You a Soldier's Wife? Come, we'll rally her to Death——

Ld. H. Prithee entertain her a little, while I go in for a Moment's Thought on this Occasion. [*Exit.*]

L. Ha. She has more Wit than us both——

Cam. Pshaw, no matter for that—Be sure as soon as the Sentence is out of my Mouth to clap in with something else—and laugh at all I say; I'll be grateful, and burst myself at my pretty witty Wife—We'll fall in slap upon her—she shan't have time to say a Word of the running away.

Enter Lady BRUMPTON and TRUSTY.

O, my Lady Brumpton, your Ladyship's most obedient Servant: This is my Lady Harriot Campley—Why, Madam, your Ladyship is immediately in your Mourning—Nay, as you have more Wit than any Body, so (what seldom Wits have) you have more Prudence too—Other Widows have nothing in a readiness but a second Husband—But you, I see had your very Weeds and Dress lying by you——

L. Ha. Ay, Madam; I see your Ladyship is of the Order of Widowhood, for you have put on the Habit——

Wid. I see your Ladyship is not of the Profession of Virginity, for you have lost the Look on't——

Cam. You are in the Habit—That was so pretty, nay, without Flattery, Lady Harriot, you have great deal of Wit, ha! ha! ha!

L. Ha. No, my Lady Brumpton here is the Woman of Wit; but, indeed, she has but little enough, considering how much her Ladyship has to defend. Ha! ha! ha!

Wid. I am sorry, Madam, your Ladyship has not what's sufficient for your Occasions, or that this pretty Gentleman can't supply 'em——

[*Campley dancing about and trolling.*]

Hey day! I find, Sir, your Heels are a great help to your Head—They relieve your Wit, I see; and I don't question but e'er now they have been as kind to your Valour: Ha! ha!

Cam. Pox, I can say nothing; 'Twas always thus with your Endeavours to be witty [*Aside.*] I saw, Madam, your Mouth go, but there could be nothing offer'd in Answer to what my Lady *Harriot*, said—'Twas home—'Twas cutting Satyr——

L. Ha. Oh, Mr. *Campley*! But pray, Madam, has Mr. *Cabinet* visited your Ladyship since this Calamity—How stands that Affair now!——

Wid. Nay, Madam, if you already want Instructions—I'll acquaint you how the World stands if you are in Distress—but I fear Mr. *Campley* overhears us——

Cam. And all the tune the Pipers play'd was Toll-toll-dorol!——I swear, Lady *Harriot*, were I not already yours I could have a Tender for this Lady.

Wid. Come, good Folks, I find we are very free with each other—What makes you two here? Do you Board my Lord, or he you? Come, come, ten Shillings a Head will go a great way in a Family—What do you say Mrs. *Campley*, is it so? Does your Ladyship go to Market your self—Nay, you're in the right of it—Come—can you imagin what makes my Lord stay—He is not now with his Land-Steward—not signing Leases I hope? Ha! ha! ha!

Cam. Hang her, to have more Tongue than a Man and his Wife too—— [*Aside.*]

Enter Lord HARDY.

Ld. H. Because your Ladyship is I know, in very much Pain in Company you have injured—I'll be short—Open those Doors——there lies your Husband's my Father's Body—and by you stands the Man accuses you of Poisoning him——

Wid. Of Poisoning him! ——

Tru. The Symptoms will appear upon the Corps.

Ld. H. But I am seiz'd by Nature—How shall I view a breathless Lump of Clay—Him whose high Veins convey'd to me this vital Force, and Motion. I cannot bear that Sight——

I am as fix'd and Motionless as he——

[*They open the Coffin, out of which jumps Lady Sharlot.*
Art thou the ghastly Shape my Mind had form'd!
Art thou the cold Inanimate—Bright Maid!

Thou

Thou giv'st new higher Life to all around.
 Whither does Fancy, fir'd with Love, convey me !
 Whither transported by my pleasing Fury !
 The Season vanishes 'at thy Approach ;
 'Tis Morn, 'tis Spring——

Daiesies and Lillies strow thy flow'ry Way.
 Why is my Fair unmov'd—My Heav'nly Fair ;
 Does she but smile at my exalted Rapture ?

L. Sb. Oh ! Sense of Praise to me unfelt before,
 Speak on, speak on, and charm my attentive Ear !
 How sweet Applause is from an honest Tongue.
 Thou lov'd my Mind—Hast well Affection plac'd ;
 In what, nor Time, nor Age, nor Care, nor Want can
 alter——

Oh how I joy in thee——My eternal Lover ;
 Immutable as the Object of my Flame !
 I love, I'm proud, I triumph that I love,
 Pure, I approach thee—Nor did I with empty Shows,
 Gorgeous Attire, or studied Negligence,
 Or Song, or Dance, or Ball, allure thy Soul ;
 Nor want, or fear, such Arts to keep or lose it.
 Nor now with fond Reluctance doubt to enter
 My spacious, bright Abode, this gallant Heart.

[Reclines on Hardy.

L. Ha. Ay marry—these are high doings indeed, the
 Greatness of the Occasion has burst their Passion into
 Speech—Why, Mr. *Campley*, when we are near these
 fine Folks, you and I are but mere Sweet-hearts——
 I protest—I'll never be won so ; you shall begin again
 with me.

Cam. Prithee, why dost name us poor Animals ! They
 have forgot there are any such Creatures as their old Ac-
 quaintance *Tom* and *Harriot*.

Ld. H. So we did indeed, but you'll pardon us.

Cam. My Lord, I never thought to see the Minute
 wherein I should rejoyce at your forgetting me, but
 now I do heartily.

[Embracing.

L. Sb. Harriot !

L. Ha. Sbarlot !

Embracing.

Wid.

Wid. Sir, you're at the bottom of all this—I see your skill'd at close Conveyances—I'll know the Meaning instantly of these Intricacies, 'tis not your seeming Honesty and Gravity shall save you from your Deserts—My Husband's Death was sudden—You and the Burial Fellow were observ'd very familiar—Produce my Husband's Body—or I'll try you for his Murther; which I find you'd put on me, thou hellish Engine!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I could answer you, but I scorn to reproach People in Misery—you're undone—Madam——

Wid. What does the Dotard mean? Produce the Body, Villain, or the Law shall have thine for it—*[Trusty Exit hastily.]* Do you design to let the Villain escape? How justly did your Father judge, that made you a Beggar, with that Spirit—You meant just now you could not bear the Company of those you'd injur'd.

Ld. H. You are a Woman, Madam, and my Father's Widow—But sure you think you've highly injur'd me.

[Here my Lord and Trusty half enter and observe.]

Wid. No, Sir, I have not, will not, injure you—I must obey the Will of my deceas'd Lord to a Tittle—I must justly pay Legacies. Your Father, in consideration that you were his Blood, would not wholly alienate you—He left you, Sir, this Shilling, with which Estate you now are Earl of *Brumpton*——

Ld. H. Insolent Woman—It was not me my good Father disinherited, 'twas him you represented. The Guilt was thine he did an Act of Justice.

Lord BRUMPTON *entring with TRUSTY.*

Ld. B. Oh unparrallell'd Goodness!

TATTLEAID and MADAMOISELLE *at the other Door entring.*

Tru. Oh *Tattleaid*—His and our Hour is come.

Wid. What do I see, my Lord, my Master, my Husband living!

Ld. B. *[Turning from her, running to his Son.]* Oh my Boy, my Son—*Mr. Campley—Sharlot—Harriot—**[All kneeling to him]* O my Children—Oh, oh! These Passions

sions are too strong for my old Frame—Oh the sweet Torture! my Son! my Son! I shall expire in the too mighty Pleasure! my Boy!

Ld. H. A Son, an Heir, a Bridegroom in one Hour! Oh! grant me, Heav'n, grant me Moderation!

Wid. A Son, an Heir! Am I neglected then? What? Can my Lord revive, yet dead to me? Only to me deceas'd—to make me alone, Deaf to my Sighs, and senseless to my Moan?

Ld. B. 'Tis so long since I have seen Plays, good Madam, that I know not whence thou dost repeat, nor can I answer.

Wid. You can remember tho' a certain Settlement, in which I am thy Son and Heir—great Noble, that I suppose not taken from a Play, that's as irrevocable as Law can make it; that if you scorn me—your Death and Life are equal—Or I'll still wear my Mourning 'cause you're living.

Tru. Value her not, my Lord, a prior Obligation made you incapable of settling on her your Wife.

Ld. B. Thy Kindness *Trusty*, does distract thee—I would indeed disingage myself by any honest Means, but, alas, I know no prior Gift that avoids this to her—Oh my Child!

Tru. Look you, Madam, I'll come again immediately—Be not troubled, my dear Lords— [Exit.]

Cam. *Trusty* looks very confident, there is some good in that.

Re-enter TRUSTY with CABINET.

Cab. What, my Lord *Brumpton* living? Nay then—

Tru. Hold, Sir, you must not stir, nor can you, Sir, retract this for your hand-writing—My Lord, this Gentleman, since your suppos'd Death, has lurk'd about the House to speak with my Lady, or *Tattlaid*, who upon your Decease have shun'd him, in Hopes, I suppose, to buy him off for ever—Now as he was prying about, he peep'd into your Closet—where he saw your Lordship reading—struck with Horror, and believing himself (as well he might) the Disturber of your Ghost for Alienation of your Fortune from your Family—

Family——he writ me this Letter, wherein he acknowledges a private Marriage with this Lady, half a Year before you ever saw her.

All How !

[*All turn upon her disdainfully.*

Wid. No more a Widow then, but still a Wife.

[*Recovering from her Confusion.*

I am thy Wife—thou Author of my Evil.

Thou must partake with me an homely Board,

An homely Board that never shall be chearful ;

But ev'ry Meal embitter'd with Upbraidings.

Thou that could'st tell me, Good and Ill were Words,

When thou could'st basely let me to another,

Yet could'st see Sprights, great Unbeliever !

Coward ! Bugg-bear'd Penitent——

Stranger henceforth to all my Joys, my Joys,

To thy Dishonour ; despicable Thing,

Dishonour thee ? Thou voluntary Cuckold.

[*Cabinet sneaks off, Widow flings after him, Tattleaid following.*

Ld. B. I see you're all confused as well as I—Ye are my Children—I hold you all so. And for your own Use will speak plainly to you, I cannot hate that Woman : Nor shall she ever want. Tho'I scorn to bear her Injuries—yet had I ne'er been rous'd from that low Passion to a worthless Creature—but by Disdain of her Attempt on my Friend's Child, I am glad that Scorn's confirm'd by her being that Fellow's—whom for my own Sake I only will condemn. Thee, *Trusty*, how shall we prosecute with equal Praise and Thanks for this great Revolution in our House ?

Tru. Never to speak on't more, my Lord.

Ld. B. You are now, Gentlemen, going into Cares at a Crisis in your Country.

And on this great Occasion *Tom*—I'll mount

Old *Campley* which thy Father gave me,

And attend thee, a chearful gay old Man

Into the Field to represent our Country.

My rough *Plebeian Britains*, not yet Slaves

To *France*, shall mount thy Father's Son

Upon her Shoulders. Echo loud their Joy—

While

While I and *Trusty* follow weeping after :
 But be thou honest, firm, impartial,
 Let neither Love, nor Hate, nor Faction move thee,
 Distinguish Words from Things, and Men from Crimes;
 Punctual be thou in Payments, nor basely
 Screen thy faults 'gainst Law, behind the
 Laws thou makest——

But thou against my Death, must learn a supererogatory
 Morality. [To Lord Hardy.

As he is to be just, be generous thou :
 Nor let thy reasonable Soul be struck
 With Sounds and Appellations: Title is
 No more, if not significant
 Of something that's superior in thy self
 To other Men, of which thou may'st be
 Conscious, yet not proud—But if you swerve
 From higher Virtue than the Crowd possess,
 Know they that call thee Honourable, mock thee !
 You are to be a Peer, by Birth a Judge
 Upon your Honour of other Lives and Fortunes ;
 Because that Honour's dearer than your own.
 Be good, my Son, and be a worthy Lord :
 For when, our shining Virtues bless Mankind,
 We disappoint the livid Malecontents,
 Who long to call our noble Order useless.
 Our All's in Danger, Sirs, nor shall you dally
 Your Youth away with your fine Wives.
 No, in your Country's Cause you shall meet Death,
 While feeble we with Minds resign'd do wait it.
 Not but I intend your Nuptials as soon as possible, to
 draw Intails and Settlements. How necessary such things
 are, I had like to have been a fatal Instance.

Cam. But, my Lord, here are a Couple that need
 not wait such Ceremonies. Please but to sit: You've
 been extremely mov'd, and must be tir'd. You say we
 must not spend our time in Dalliance, you'll see my Lord,
 the Entertainment reminds us also of nobler Things,
 and what I design'd for my own Wedding, I'll compli-
 ment the General with. The Bride dances finely——
Trim, will you dance with her ?

Trim.

Trim. I will, but I can't—There's a Country-man of her's without, by Accident.

Cam. Ay, but is he a Dancer?

Trim. Is a *Frenchman* a Dancer? Is a *Welchman* a Gentleman? I'll bring him in——

[*Here a Dance, and the following Songs.*

Set by *Mr. Daniel Purcell.*

Sung by JEMMIE BOWEN.

I.

O *N* yonder Bed supinely laid,
Behold thy lov'd expecting Maid:
In Tremor, Blushes, half in Tears,
Much, much she wishes, more she fears.
Take, take her to thy faithful Arms,
HYMEN bestows thee all her Charms.

II.

Heav'n to thee bequeaths the Fair,
To raise thy Joy, and lull thy Care;
Heav'n made Grief, if mutual, cease,
But Joy, divided, to encrease:
To mourn with her exceeds Delight,
Darkness with her, the Joys of Light.

Sung by Mr. PATE.

I.

A Rise, arise, great Dead, for Arms renown'd,
Rise from Urns, and save your dying Story,
Your Deeds will be in dark Oblivion crown'd,
For mighty WILLIAM seizes all your Glory.

II.

Again the British trumpet sounds,
Again BRITANNIA bleeds;
To glorious Death, or comely Wounds,
Her Godlike Monarch leads.

III.

Grief A-la-mode.

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III.

*Pay us, kind Fate, the Debt you owe,
Celestial Minds from Clay untie,
Let coward Spirits dwell below,
And only give the Brave to die.*

Ld. B. Now, Gentlemen, let the Miseries which I have but miraculously escap'd, admonish you to have always Inclinations proper for the Stage of Life you're in. Don't follow Love when Nature seeks but Ease: Otherwise you'll fall into a Lethargy of your Dishonour, when warm Pursuits of Glory are over with you; for Fame and Rest are utter Opposites.

You who the Path of Honour make your Guide,
Must let your Passion with your Blood subside;
And no untim'd Ambition, Love, or Rage
Employ the Moments of declining Age:
Else Boys will in your Presence lose their Fear,
And laugh at the grey Head they should revere.



EPI.

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Lord Hardy.

LOVE, Hope and Fear, Desire, Aversion, Rage, }
All that can move the Soul, or can assuage,
Are drawn in Miniature of Life, the Stage.
Here you can view your Selves, and here is shown
To what you're born in Sufferings not your own.
The Stage to Wisdom's no fantastick Way;
Athens herself learn'd Virtue at a Play.
Our Author me to Night a Soldier drew,
But faintly writ, what warmly you pursue:
To his great Purpose had he equal Fire,
He'd not aim to please only, but inspire;
He'd sing what hovering Fate attends our Isle,
And from base Pleasure rouse to glorious Toil:
Full Time the Earth t' a new Decision brings;
While William gives the Roman Eagle Wings:
With Arts and Arms shall Britain tamely end,
Which naked Picts so bravely could defend:
The painted Heroes on th' Invaders press,
And think their Wounds Addition to their Dress;
In younger Years we've been with Conquest blest,
And Paris has the British Yoke confess'd;
Is't then in England, in lost England, known,
Her Kings are nam'd from a revolted Throne?
But we offend——You no Examples need,
In Imitation of yourselves proceed;
'Tis you your Country's Honour must secure,
Be all your Actions worthy of Namur:
With gentle Fires your Gallantry improve,
Courage is brutal, if untouch'd with Love:
If soon our utmost Bravery's not display'd,
Think that bright Circle must be Captives made.
Let Thoughts of saving them our Toils beguile,
And they reward our Labours with a Smile.



F I N I S.